

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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SIR WILLIAM BUTTS HAS A NEW COAT

See
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Seven

HE SPEAKS FOR THE SILENT

A Prisoner From the Soviet

LIFE UNDER A DICTATORSHIP

This is the story of life in Russia in these hard days; it is told in a book called "I Speak for the Silent" by Anton Tchernavin.

Tchernavin was a biologist working loyally for the North State Fishing Trust. In all Soviet Russia no enterprise was more successful; it had increased the yearly catch from 9000 to 40,000; had found an improved way of curing fish; had founded one factory for making cod-liver oil and another for making fodder flour from fish waste; and had built a harbour.

Demanding a Miracle

Suddenly the Trust was ordered to increase its yearly catch to one and a half million tons—to multiply the catch by 40. By some miracle the Trust was to catch three times as much fish as all England catches in a year.

Because they could not comply with these absurd demands 48 experts were arrested, and one day Tchernavin read that they had been shot for attempting to wreck the workers food supply. He knew his turn would come, and after long suspense it came.

At 3 in the morning he was shown into a small cell where already 108 people were packed exactly like sardines.

The next day Tchernavin was summoned to examination, threatened and bullied for 14 hours without having had anything either to eat or drink.

He was told that he would be shot, his wife would be deported, and his little boy sent to the house for waifs, unless he confessed. For six months this went on, and still he held out.

In a Concentration Camp

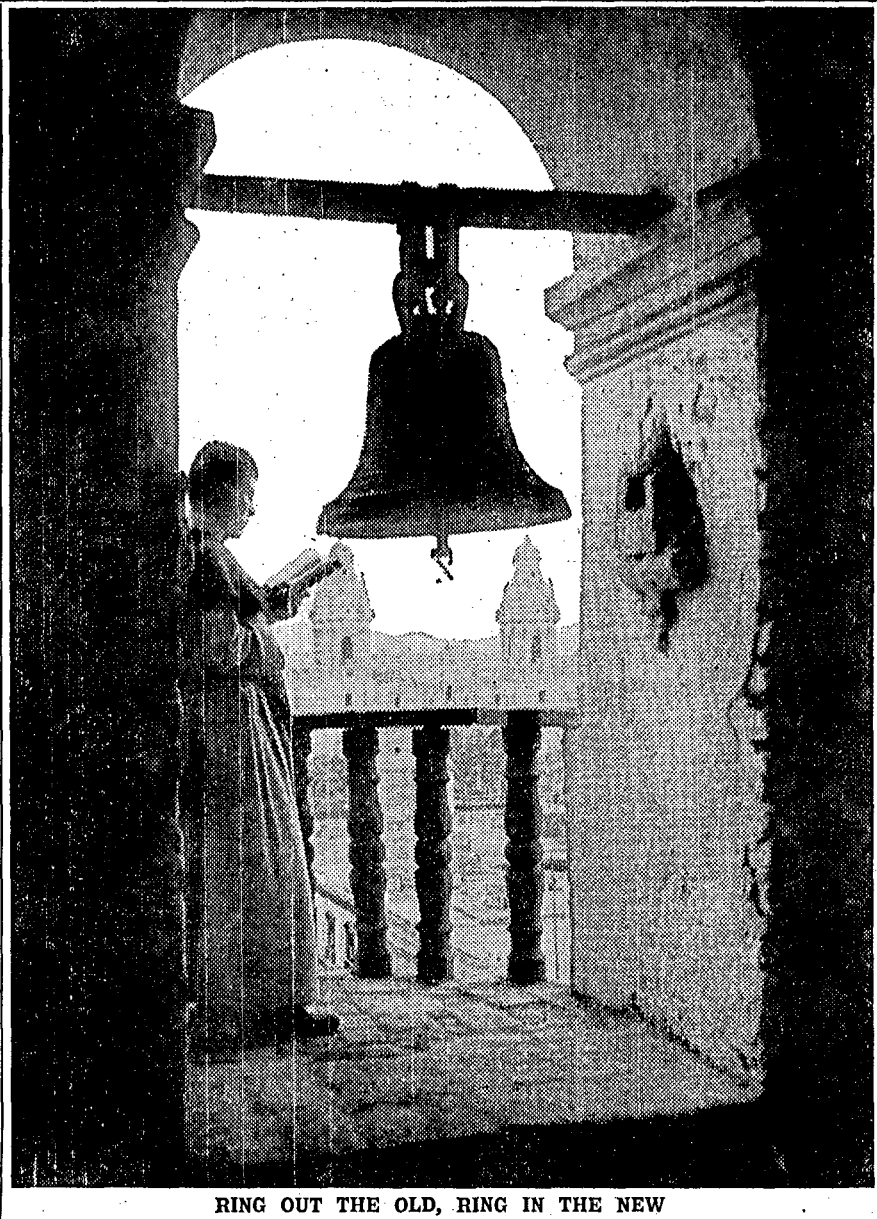
After six months in prison Tchernavin was sentenced to five years in a concentration camp.

Before deportation he was allowed to say goodbye to his son. A hundred prisoners crowded round a grill, and a hundred visitors stood on the other side, everyone fighting to get to the grill, and shouting above the tumult to their own dear one.

The little boy shouted that his mother was in prison.

"What are you living on?" cried the father, and the boy could just say "I've sold your camera," before the prisoners were driven away sobbing.

Then began the long journey to the lumber camp, where they were lodged in icy sheds, fed on tiny rations of porridge and cabbage soup, and set to work like slaves. Prisoners were told that they would be paid for their labour, but they were paid in scrip which could only be used in the prison store, where they bought rotten foodstuffs in their desperate hunger. Suddenly



RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW

Tchernavin's luck changed. He was assigned to work in the Section of Fisheries. Later he was allowed out of camp to make a survey. Then a glorious day came. He had a telegram from his wife; she was out of prison.

Time went on. Tchernavin was allowed a visit from his wife. Together they made plans for escape.

After long waiting, plotting, and planning they did escape, all three in a leaky row boat, without compass or

map, and reached Finland and freedom. The story of the escape Madame Tchernavin has told. Now her husband publishes his book, telling us that the prisons and lumber camps are still full of innocent men suffering as he suffered.

It is a terrible document, but it is not read in vain if it leaves us with a fresh thankfulness for our liberty and new determination to preserve it, though all the rest of the world should lose faith in democracy.

Old Diehard of Pall Mall

SOMETHING is happening to the Mad Clock of Pall Mall.

It saw 1932 out with two faces, both of them all awry. It saw 1933 through with one face declaring it was 12 and the other that it was after 3. It saw 1934 come and go, and still it was noon or midnight looking one way and the middle of the afternoon looking the other. It told us all through 1935 that, whatever Big Ben may say, it is always 12 looking west and 3.14 looking east.

And now something is happening. All about it are empty places, so that the mad clock has been reigning over some-

thing like a solitude, as if to say that our famous Pall Mall is very out-of-date; though who does not like the lovely new clock a little way off which has saved the reputation of this famous clubland way?

Somebody has grown tired of this ridiculous two-faced clock, for the last time we were in Pall Mall both its faces had disappeared and the clock was packed in a box.

All things come in time if we are patient, and the C.N. has been patient for four years with this old Diehard. We hope to meet him up-to-date again, bright and new and going well, in 1936.

PILSUDSKI'S MOUND

Poland Pays Tribute To Her Great Leader

PUSHING A BARROWLOAD 180 MILES

From Our Poland Correspondent

We have told before of the great mound being raised at Cracow in honour of Marshal Pilsudski, and how earth for it has been sent from all parts of the world. Here our Poland correspondent describes the individual responsibility for the monument felt by her countryfolk.

Instead of ordering a sculpture made by one artist the whole nation is building with its own hands the mound in memory of Joseph Pilsudski, who died last May.

The oldest mounds of this kind, also near Cracow, are to Krakus and Wanda, the legendary founder of the town and his daughter, who, according to tradition, drowned herself in the Vistula rather than marry a German knight who sought to take the city.

The Pilsudski mound is the other side of the town from these, and here, at dawn, you may see the factory workers, clerks, and shopgirls, who have no other time to spare.

They push the heavy wheelbarrows up the hill to the central point, happy to do their share before going on to their ordinary day's work.

The National Hero

Later come the peasants, the well-dressed ladies, and the schoolchildren. Everybody wants to take part in honouring the national hero. Even the babies are not left out. They toddle between the handles, adding their little strength to that of father or mother, manifestly proud of their real, grown-up work.

When father stops to wipe the sweat from his brow baby does the same, as if the movement were part of the performance. But when the wheelbarrow is empty of soil it comes bump, bump, down the slope with baby inside enjoying the fun!

A Gift of English Lavender

From all parts of the country pilgrims stream to Cracow, in summer about 3000 visitors a day. In common boxes or lovely urns they bring earth from their fields or gardens to add to the gradually rising mound.

One workman pushed his barrowload 180 miles. Emigrants have sent soil from their adopted countries. An English reader of the C.N. sent a little parcel of sweet lavender which was thrown on the hill.

In a year's time the new hill will rise above Cracow. A garden will be laid out round it, with lawns and flower beds and fountains, and Polish children will play there, pausing now and again to remember with pride the man who lived for their country's freedom.

YOUTH AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND A DRAMATIC CHANGE IN FRANCE

The Importance of Being
Anthony Eden

SWIFT RISE TO FAME AND POWER

We must all hope that this year will bring peace to Abyssinia, to Italy, and to Europe.

As to Abyssinia, the great hope lies in the dramatic manifestation of opinion in France and the appointment of Mr Anthony Eden as Foreign Minister in succession to Sir Samuel Hoare. The appointment came as a Christmas-box to every lover of peace, and it has given immense satisfaction everywhere except in Italy.

The remarkable expression of opinion in France has been very exciting. Though the result of the debate in the Chamber was to give M. Laval a majority of 20 votes, this was only made possible by his declaration of absolute loyalty to the League and his definite support of British policy. The most powerful speech was made by M. Paul Reynaud, who moved the Chamber profoundly by saying that France must choose between Italy, the breaker of the Covenant, and Britain, its defender. It was not for France, when Britain cried "Stop the aggressor," to reply "We will not march." The speech made a deep impression, and M. Laval won his small majority by accepting the spirit of it.

Mr Eden's Rise

With this reassuring news from France comes the welcome appearance of Mr Eden at the head of our Foreign Office.

Mr Eden must always remember Jubilee Year as the great year of his life. No man in our time has risen more swiftly to fame and power, and it is the triumph not of influence or social position, but of character.

Mr Eden finds himself at 38 one of the most important men in the world. There has been nothing like it in politics for a hundred years or more, since William Pitt stood up in the House of Commons to defend himself against "the atrocious crime of being a young man."

Though so well on the right side of 40, Mr Eden has seen much and known much and done much. He went straight from Eton to the war and won the MC as a captain in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Soon after the war was over he became MP for Warwick, and had the great experience of being private secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain during his Foreign Secretaryship.

At Geneva

Last June he was made a Cabinet Minister and given charge of League of Nations affairs, and, as all the world knows, he has abundantly justified the confidence placed in him by Mr Baldwin. No man is more popular at Geneva, and in the confusion of recent events his was the one reputation that suffered nothing. He had nothing to do with the unfortunate mistake by which this country appeared to be committed to the Paris Peace Plan. He is entirely free from responsibility for the crisis which ended in so dramatic a triumph for him.

The general applause which marked his appointment is significant of his personal popularity, but it means also that the world realises once more that this country is with the League and for the League and behind the League. If the appointment is not popular with Signor Mussolini that is probably because he is losing the war instead of winning it, and because he has, therefore, even less affection now for the League than he had before the war began.

MAY ALL THE LIGHTS BE GREEN FOR HIM

The Courage of
Hector Beedie

Our lives are in safe hands when we ride behind Hector Beedie of Motherwell.

He was driving a train from Lanark to Glasgow the other day when a blow-back of fire in the engine-cab set his clothes blazing.

A man might be forgiven if he forgot everything but his own anguish and peril, enveloped in flames, but Hector Beedie thought first and foremost of his passengers. He pulled the train up safely outside a signal-box; then he jumped out of the cab and rolled in the snow. The fireman leaped after him and smothered the flames with an overcoat. Then Beedie, suffering from severe burns, insisted upon going back to the cab to make sure that everything was safe. Then he let them help him into the signal-box for first-aid.

Beedie went to hospital. Another engine took the train on 35 minutes later. It can be very inconvenient to be half an hour late; but the passengers knew that they might never have arrived at all if Beedie had not behaved like a hero. May all the lights be green for him along the road of life.

BOMBING A VOLCANO Can It Be Done?

The wise men of Hawaii have improved on Gilbert and Sullivan, in one of whose operas Tarara, the Public Exploder, has a magazine of bombs for ridding Utopia of political and public nuisances.

Hawaii has a greater nuisance, a deadly volcano, the lava of which has been pouring down the mountain side, threatening the destruction of the public water supply. Aeroplanes were sent up to drop bombs intended to divert the lava so as to save the water supply. The first attempts were unsuccessful.

Terrible as are the effects of explosives in action against structures erected by man, when pitted against the works of Nature they have hitherto been singularly ineffective. They have failed to bring down rain, they have been useless against the icebergs, and the mines they have exploded have been puny in comparison with the least effects of a minor earthquake.

The assault on the volcano is the boldest of all such enterprises; but we have little hope that Etna, Vesuvius, and their fiery brethren are yet to be seriously challenged when, with unthinkable energy, they hurl forth their streams of incandescent rock.

MOST THINGS TURN UP IN TIME

A parcel sent off 36 years ago was lately delivered to Mr James Callan at the Causeway School near Aberdeen.

Inside it he found military equipment he had ordered in Aberdeen before leaving for the South African War.

The parcel may have fallen off the van on to a hedge, remaining concealed year by year. It was lately picked up by the side of the road near Aberdeen.

THE LIVING EXAMPLE

One of the most pathetic victims of Armageddon has passed away at Toulon.

He was Jean Agogue, a boy of 18 full of the joy of life when the war broke out and he was called to defend his country against the invaders.

He was wounded in the face and was terribly disfigured, and at the Versailles Peace Conference he was presented to the delegates as a living example of the horrors of war.

TALLAT OF EAGLE ISLAND

WHAT HE DID WITH
A ROPE

The Little Boat That Braved
the Stormy Sea

BRINGING TRIUMPH OUT
OF TRAGEDY

News still travels slowly when events happen far from the ordinary channels of communication, and we have had to wait three months for the full story of the loss of the little British ship Diego and the rescue of its people. Now it reaches The Times.

The Diego was wrecked last summer, when, with a crew of 17 and 11 passengers, she cast anchor off Eagle Island in the Indian Ocean, where she had gone to bring off the 54 men, overseers and native labourers who had lived on the island to cultivate copra, for which a paying market has now ceased to exist. A sudden storm arose, tore the ship from her anchorage, flung her broadside on the rocky coast, washed away her lifeboats, and left her stranded.

A Very Gallant Man

With the hold and cabins flooded the ship was no longer habitable, but the tempestuous seas made a landing impossible, so a very gallant native labourer named Tallat launched his little boat to attempt a rescue. For over two hours he laboured to reach the ship, succeeding at last after having been several times thrown into the sea.

Returning to the island with a rope from the ship, he made the rope fast on land, then heroically rowed back and forth six times, helped by the rope, to bring ashore the passengers through drenching, heaving seas. Afterwards the crew and captain followed to safety, guided and supported by Tallat's rope, to which each clung in turn.

But now that death in the sea had been escaped there was a danger of starvation; the company of 82 people had only five bags of rice and a little tinned meat. Then something like a miracle happened. Two pigs swam ashore from the wreck. They afforded meals for the famishing refugees. Fish caught in the sea proved poisonous, so Raoul Berenger, the chief officer, accompanied by four volunteers, ventured in a little boat to Peros Banhos, an islet 54 miles away. Peros had no spare food, so the little crew went on to Salomon, a further 32 miles distant, returning at the end of ten days with provisions and clothing.

Just In Time

Weeks passed without relief, and Berenger made a second expedition to Salomon, the second voyage occupying 17 days. He arrived in time to save his fellow castaways from starvation, but when at last, more than three months after the wreck, the Clan Macphee reached Eagle Island death was staring the whole company in the face.

But all's well that ends well. The little population was taken to Salomon Island, from which another ship carried them to Mauritius. The whole venture was charged with heroism and fortitude, but Tallat, the native, was the supreme figure; it was his courage and chivalry that first made the happy issue possible, and we hope the effort of Sir Wilfrid Jackson, the Governor of Mauritius, to secure a reward for his daring will be successful. Even without official recognition the gallant Berenger is assured of lasting remembrance.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| Aristophanes | Aris-tof-an-eez |
| Ismailia | Ees-ma-eel-yah |
| Kavala | Kah-vah-lah |
| Linnaeus | Lin-ne-us |

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The census reveals that Devon has now 50 acres for every family in it.

Eros, the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain in Piccadilly Circus, is to play eight hours a day this year.

During 1934 there were 74 casualties due to flying on duty in the R A F, while organised games and athletics were responsible for 937 cases of injury.

On the hillside of Nazareth a cypress sent by the King from Windsor has been planted, the first of a forest that will number a million trees in the Valley of Esdraelon.

During 1936 the G W R is to build 225 new engines, 302 passenger coaches, and 3500 goods wagons; 406 miles of line are to be relaid and 50 bridges will be wholly or partially reconstructed.

Over 10,000,000 parcels and nearly 300,000,000 letters were handled by the Post Office over Christmas. On Christmas Eve there were 325,000 telegrams. About £10,000,000 was drawn out of the savings bank.

One of the fine old beam engines which Cornishmen were the first to make has ceased its work after a century of winding at Redruth. The mine has at last been closed, but the engine, made by Francis Mitchell, is to be preserved in its old boiler house.

TABLE MOUNTAIN ON FIRE

Remarkable Spectacle

Fire has stripped a great area of Table Mountain of its noble forest.

Whether by accident or as the result of a deliberate act of wickedness, fir trees were set alight, and the fire spread with horrifying rapidity.

The time of our winter is high summer at the Cape, and the forest was as a bonfire awaiting the lighting of a match, and then all went like gunpowder and tinder. Day and night the conflagration spread, a huge and terrifying mass of flame and smoke high in the air, seen by airmen 140 miles away. It must have been a remarkable spectacle from sea.

At one time it seemed that the fire must extend to the entire mountain, but Nature came to the rescue just in time, and with torrential downpours of rain quenched the mischief which had mocked and mastered all human endeavour.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

Three sisters born on the same day have been keeping their 78th birthday. They were born at Cracoe near Skipton on December 29, 1857, and were named Faith Alice, Hope Fanny, and Charity Sarah. They were daughters of Mr and Mrs Andrew Stockdale, and at present they are Mrs Charles Thackeray of Bispham, Blackpool, Mrs William Rimington of Skipton, and Mrs Henry Watson of Skipton.

The CN wishes them many happy returns of their interesting birthday.

A LETTER FOR THE POST OFFICE

Somebody appears to have given the Post Office a letter for Christmas.

It is the letter E, which now makes it possible for the Post Office in Church Road, Camberwell, to set a good example by spelling its name properly after being spelt wrongly for so long.

THINGS SAID

Wars will certainly come if France is separated from Great Britain.

M. Paul Reynaud

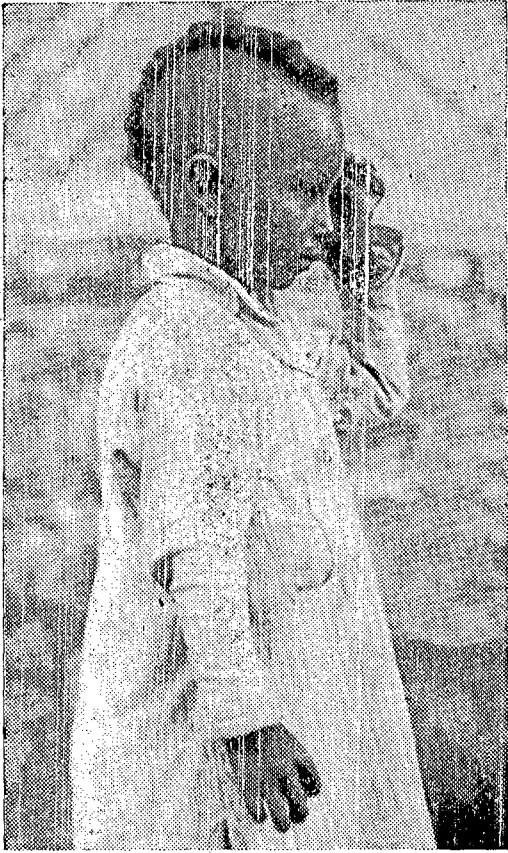
I do not think it necessary to assume that we should have confused poetry to represent the confusion of life.

Mr Ivor Brown

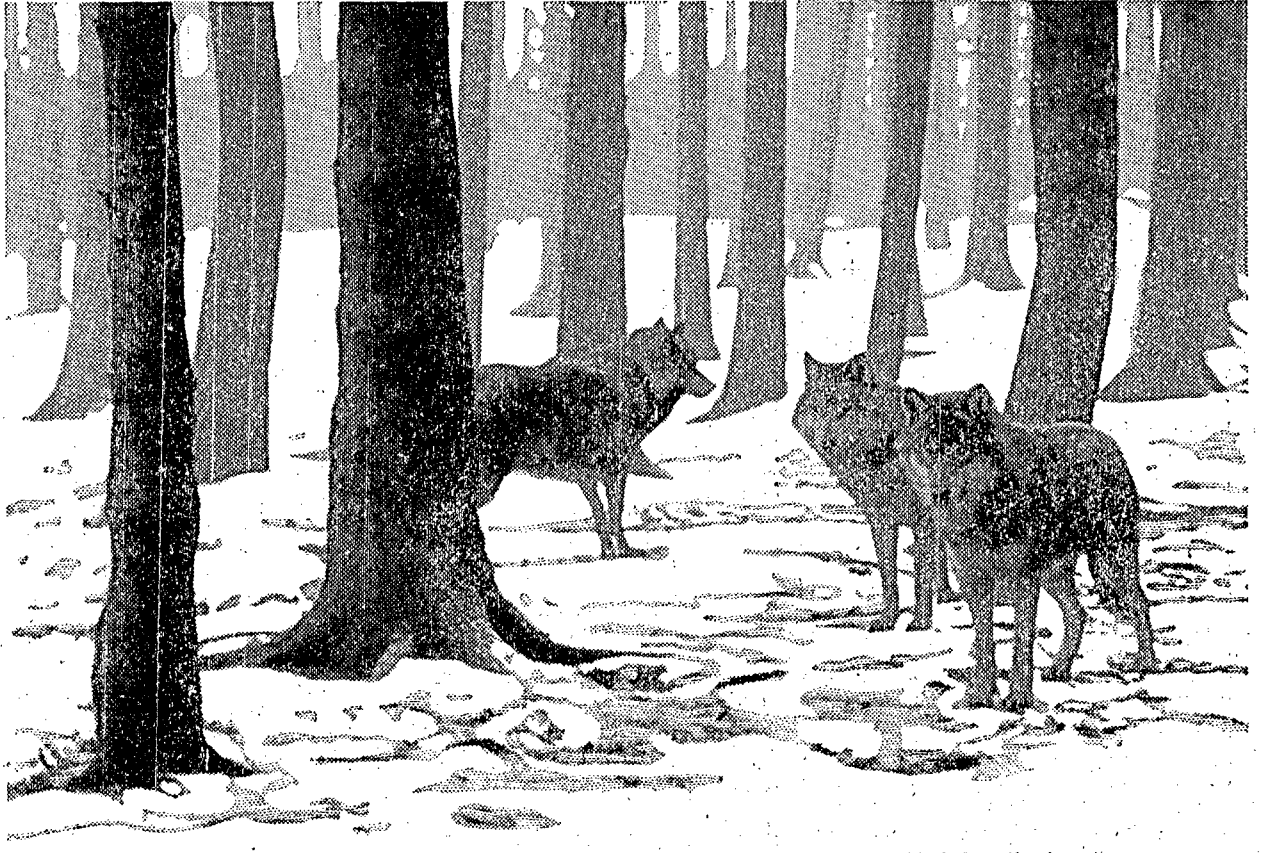
I love England for the many friendships I have there, which are nearest of all to my heart.

M. Herriot

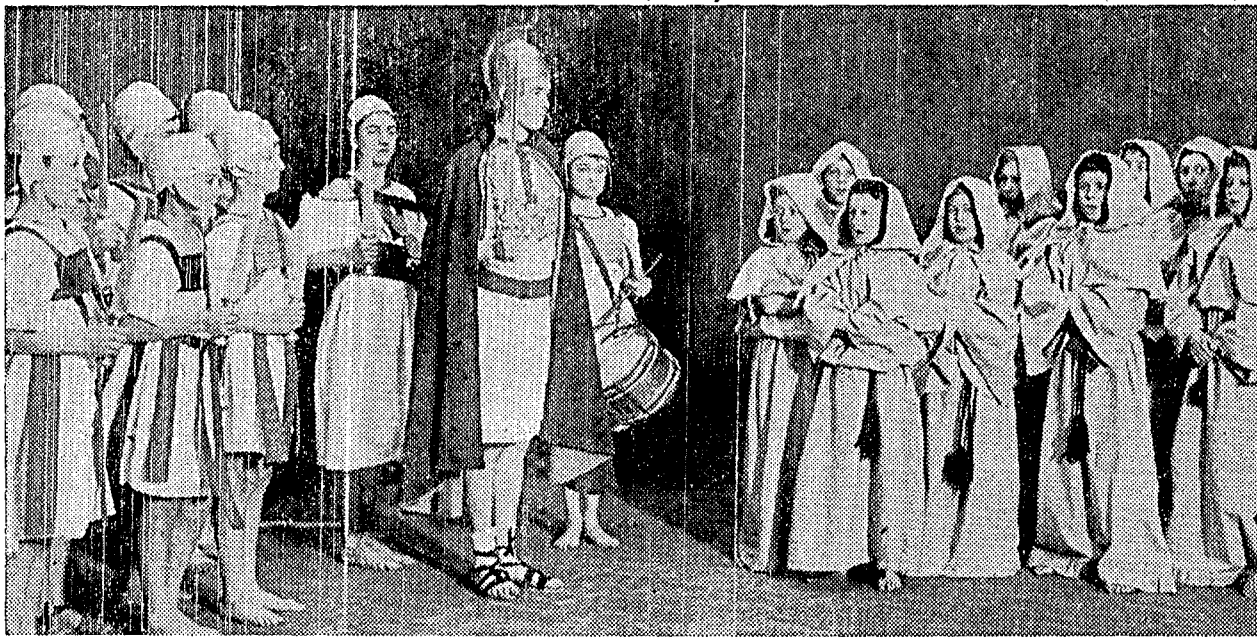
Wolves of Whipsnade · Peter Pan · Winter Sports in Tyrol



An East African Fashion—A curious style of haircutting for a little Abyssinian boy.



Winter at Whipsnade—When this picture was taken the snow was not as thick as in their native haunts, but perhaps there was enough to cause the wolves to remember.



Historical Pageant—A scene from a great pageant presented by pupils of Swansea schools. Nearly 900 boys and girls took part in representations of historical events.



In Tyrol—Before skiing down them at an exhilarating speed it is necessary to trudge slowly up the snowy slopes, as we see these people doing near the popular winter sports resort of Kitzbuhel in Austria.



Peter Pan Again—Nova Pilbeam as Peter Pan and Arthur Payne as Michael in Barrie's delightful play at the London Palladium.

A MAN & A MILLION

LORD NUFFIELD AS THE CHEERFUL GIVER

The Working Boy Who Has Risen To Fame and Wealth

THE CRIPPLE'S FRIEND

Lord Nuffield's New Year gift is £125,000 to help crippled children.

The gift is like the man. He was a working boy, and he has made his millions by the industry and energy with which he employed his constructive genius. But he has never forgotten the needs of others, as poor as he was, or poorer than he was, who have neither his skill nor his fortune.

Provision For the Most Helpless

His provision for the most helpless of all among us, the children who are crippled, or are threatened with becoming so, by the accident of their birth or the poverty of their surroundings, is only one of many of his charities. He has given away a million pounds. Already £50,000 has gone to Australia and £50,000 to New Zealand for the crippled children there. A fortnight ago he promised £25,000 to the Papworth Village Settlement for those who are threatened with tuberculosis and have there the hope of recovering from it.

Guy's Hospital is indebted to him for £70,000, the Motor Trades Benevolent Fund naturally appealed to him and did not appeal in vain, and Oxford University numbers him among its benefactors. The Morris Wingfield Hospital for Cripples could not have been rebuilt except for his £70,000, and half a dozen other charities speak of him with pride and gratitude.

Pride and gratitude are felt for him by his employees at the Morris-Cowley motor works at Oxford, and England also might accord them to this man who is so cheerful a giver and so great a master of industry.

One of Our Romances

His story is one of our romances. He started life at 16, adjusting chains and mending punctures in a cycle shop; but he had been hardly a year at it before, with less than £10 capital, he set up as a cycle repairer. Before he was 20 he was putting out a Morris cycle.

He saw no fortune in cycles for a small man. But he saw a future for a good light car with low running costs. There would be no limit to the number of people who would want it. The story of the Ford car in America was enough to prove it. So he put the money he had saved into a little factory at Cowley near Oxford, and in 1913 the first Morris-Cowley car came out of his works.

The war put a stop to all that, but in 1919 he threw himself into the task with all the suppressed energy he had bottled up for five years. In the year he began again the workpeople at Cowley numbered 180. Five years ago they had risen to 5000, and in eleven years Sir William Morris had built up an industry which in its engine works and foundry and other branches found employment for 18,000 people.

Saving a Threatened Industry

It is still growing. It grew so fast that American financiers offered to buy for £11,000,000 the factories of this energetic rival. He was able to refuse the offer both as a man of business and as an Englishman who wanted the work to remain among his own people.

This is the man who has worked wisely and well and whose gifts are inspired by the same wisdom that we see in his work. He has helped to set on its feet an industry which was likely to be crippled. He sees that the next generation in England must have the best possible opportunity of not starting crippled in life's handicap.

THE FREE SHOW-HOUSE THAT BEATS THE KINEMAS

STAGED at the Science Museum at South Kensington is what the C N believes to be the finest Children's Show in London, perhaps in the world.

It is a performance with many acts and transformation scenes, with fairies and geni all complete. These magical wonder workers keep behind the scenes, and are in fact young men of science whom you would hardly recognise as magicians if you saw them. But they have left their magic wands behind them in the Children's Gallery, where the play is set out.

The wands are push-buttons or brass handles, and the charm of them is that any child can use them to produce the marvels for himself. The only thing wanting is a complete programme, which the C N has great pleasure in providing.

At the entrance to the theatre is the first button. Stand on the step in front of a small cave, press the button, and then, as if the words Open Sesame had been spoken, a rainbow will appear as if in a glass darkly. It is a real rainbow formed by beams of light shining through a falling shower of raindrops.

This is the curtain-raiser, and because it would take too long to describe all the scenes that follow, the C N will merely fill the gap in the museum's programme and run through the rest as if in a catalogue.

Here they are, beginning on what the theatres call the Opposite Prompt side. All the scenes can be operated by the magic buttons.

ACT 1—COMMUNICATION

The Beacon Fire
The Heliograph in the mountains
The Semaphore Tower. Twenty of them covered the 120 miles between Paris and Lille
The Electric Signaller with the Morse Code
The Teleprinter
A model showing by a ring of light how the spoken word can change an electric current
The Telephone
Automatic Telephone Exchange with dial for children to dial numbers.

ACT 2—THE INVISIBLE RAY

Then we come to the photo-electric cell where not even a button or an Open Sesame is wanted. An invisible ray is the hidden magician.
Burglar alarm
A corridor with two doors. Walk through one of them and the door at the other end opens
A factory chimney with smoke passing up it. As the smoke thickens the invisible ray measures the darkening
A model of an invisible ray counting packages passing along an endless chain
Model of a ray sorting out colours
Model of a street with lamps. As the street darkens the ray lights the lamps, and puts them out, when, at the turning of a handle, the street becomes daylight again.

ACT 3—WORK NEW AND OLD

Model showing how in a strong current of air an aeroplane is lifted. The aeroplane's story is pursued in another act. It is followed here by dioramas of the World's Work.
Diorama of full-sized cave with Primitive Man making a flint axe
Workshop of a flint-knapper of today at Brandon in Suffolk
Forge of a hand nail-maker.

ACT 4—WEIGHT

Pulleys each with a 14 lbs weight attached. As the pulleys become more elaborate the 14 lbs become easier to lift
Model of an overhead travelling crane lifting 125 tons.

Now the opposite side of the gallery, after passing the kinema, which works three times a day, or more on request.

ACT 5—TRANSPORT

Diorama of the Oldest Stone Age. Men crossing a river on a tree trunk

Diorama of the Newer Stone Age. Man with a hollowed-out canoe

A scene in Tibet where there are no roads

Ancient Egypt. Labourers by the hundred transporting the stones for obelisks and temples

A Roman port and Roman ships
How they travelled in the Middle Ages with cart and pack-horse

Stage wagons on the road in Elizabeth's day, with fine big ships on the sea

Late 18th century, with stage coaches and merchant ships like the East Indiamen

Early 19th century, with the first railways and steamships

Early 20th century, with motor-cars, Transatlantic liners, and the first planes
Transport today, with air liners to reinforce travel by sea and land.

ACT 6—LIGHTING

The Cave Dweller's firebrand
The lamp of the Roman sentinel on Hadrian's Wall
The room with the tallow dip
The mid-Victorian room with the colza lamp

The first gas-lighted drawing-rooms
The electric arc light for the factory
The electric glow lamp
Flood lighting.

These model rooms have a counterpart opposite to them in street-lighting dioramas.

Old Temple Bar. Pedestrians carrying their own lanterns. Link boys with torches
The first gas-lighting in Pall Mall about 1809

The first arc lights at the Royal Exchange, 1881

Street-lighting at the Marble Arch today.

ACT 7—POWER

Two other dioramas of an old-fashioned kitchen a century ago and a modern labour-saving one come next to the street-lighting, and then we return to the models.

Model of the huge modern Power Station at Battersea

Model of a locomotive crossing a bridge, showing the change in the stress on the bridge

Model of a camel drawing water from an Egyptian well

Model of Bourne Post Windmill illustrating wind-power

Model of water-raising by the screw of Archimedes

Model of water-mill

Model showing how beams of light are reflected by mirrors.

ACT 8—TIME

Models showing time measured by water-clocks, hour-glasses, candles, pendulum clocks, sundials

The Earth rotating on its axis.

TAILS DOWN

The Friend of the Tail-Waggers is Gone

The Tail-Waggers Club seemed a sentimental idea, but in 12 months it raised £20,000 for veterinary science and proved that the man who thought of it was severely practical.

Now this benefactor of animals and their human friends has gone. At 39 Captain Horace Hobbs has passed away.

He will be remembered for many kindly schemes. It was he who made a plan whereby poor people could buy dog licences with instalments of 2d a week, and he was a leading spirit in the movement for providing blind people with highly-trained guide dogs.

By a coincidence his death comes within a few days of the publication of a photograph showing a carved boss in Lincoln Cathedral with a dog lover for its subject. The roof bosses in the Angel Choir at Lincoln are among the finest to be found. For years the subject of this one was thought to be the Annunciation.

NEW YEAR'S HONOURS

Conferred in Trafalgar Square

NEW FACES AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

With the New Year new faces have appeared among the portraits in the National Portrait Gallery.

They are those of men and women famous in their day, and so famous still that they are held to be worthy of a place in our National Hall of Fame, though they may have been with us only yesterday or some centuries ago.

Some are so well known that they are familiar to us in their likeness as they lived by other portraits. These paintings, drawings, miniatures, and sculptures of them are those which have lately come into the Gallery's possession. When it hangs them it confers on them the highest honour that the country can bestow on their memory.

Rare Ben Jonson

Among the earliest is Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's friend, who needs no introduction and has worn his laurels since the days of Elizabeth. This portrait of him is especially valuable because it was painted while he lived. But no artist goes down to immortality on Rare Ben's doublet, for the painter is unknown.

Sir Thomas More and his family are as little in need of praise or recommendation, but the painting is curious because in it appear not only his wife and son and daughters but their descendants, who are in another part of the same picture. It is a very large painting, which was bequeathed by Mr Emslie Horniman.

A Famous Speaker

Of William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles and under the Commonwealth, is a miniature painted by Samuel Cooper, who was in his way as notable as Lenthall. But Lenthall was the Speaker who answered to the King when asked to produce five members for arrest: May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here.

After him is a gap of a century before Laurence Sterne appears before us. It is a speaking drawing of the man who, with all his faults, bequeathed to us Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey. We are not likely to forget Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, for they are more living than Sterne himself.

Then there is James Boswell, without whom we never should have known Dr Johnson in his habit as he lived; and gentle William Cowper.

Chamberlain and Jellicoe

There are 18th-century painters whose works are in other collections, like David Wilkie, Ben Marshall, who painted horses better than anyone else, and George Engleheart, who as a miniaturist is of the company of Samuel Cooper and Cosway.

Edward Irving, the remarkable preacher of the 19th century, is here, so is Sims Reeves the singer; so are Joseph Chamberlain, the man who made us believe in the Empire; and Admiral Lord Jellicoe, who served it.

These must at one time or other have spoken to one another. So also must Frederick Selous, a mighty hunter and a sterling Briton; Augustine Birrell, one of the last of the Liberals and a speaker and writer of unfailing wit; Robert Bridges, so lately Poet-Laureate; and Maurice Hewlett, one of the most romantic among novelists. His portrait by James Kerr-Lawson is one of the best paintings in this new group.

THE GREAT WALL OF THE CITY

London's Oldest Relic

A lover of old London has been entering a plea for the Freedom of the City for its most ancient inhabitant.

A part of the Roman wall on the east side of Trinity Square is scheduled as an ancient monument, but is inaccessible and seemingly unknown to the public. A small penthouse roof protects the wall's top, but an iron tank bestrides it, and within the last year a portion of its east face has been worked into a modern building.

The history of this section of the wall is interesting. When, about 1864, the Inner Circle Railway was built between Mark Lane and Aldgate the engineers found across their path 100 yards of the wall almost intact. Of the central portion of this they sacrificed 73 feet. Of another portion, south of the railway, at the foot of a small alley on the east side of Trinity Square, some 30 feet lies behind a huddle of buildings.

As the number of tourists visiting Tower Hill each year is estimated at over 500,000, and will be more when the Hill is transformed into an attractive place, it is strange indeed that some oddity of our property law makes it impossible for the Office of Works to indicate to the public by any kind of notice that this is a part of the Great Wall of London.

FISH FOR CARS

A world in which nation cannot trade with nation, because of deliberate restriction, is driven to new expedients.

Denmark has fish to sell; America has motor-cars to sell. Unable to trade by ordinary means, barter is resorted to.

The Danish Fish Laboratory has accordingly invented a new way of preserving fish for export. It is a freezing method, and by it fish remain good for weeks. So it is hoped to exchange Danish fish for American cars.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

Looking After the Young Citizen

The Board of Education is properly concerned to see that children on leaving school are not set to do unsuitable or unpromising work.

It has issued a circular to Local Education Authorities suggesting that school medical officers should examine children as to their suitability for certain occupations, including

Severe manual work,
Sedentary jobs,
Jobs involving bad weather,
Work in a dusty atmosphere,
Work near moving machinery,
Work involving prolonged standing,
Work causing eye strain, or requiring acute hearing.

Circumstances may suggest to medical officers other jobs for consideration.

When a warning as to a child's unsuitability for any particular occupation appears necessary the fact can be indicated on a card attached to the child's medical inspection schedule. When the child leaves school the card would be detached by the head teacher and sent to the juvenile advisory or employment committee for their guidance.

So we gradually move forward to a time when every child comes to be considered for what it really is, a budding citizen whose health and welfare are precious to the nation.

TIME OF THE KCC

Does It See Kent Whole?

We see that Sir William Geary is asking that the KCC should give more time to its rural members, and we gather from his letter to The Times that "the county council sits normally for less than 20 hours in the year and is extremely hurried."

It is not enough: it would ruin any great enterprise to neglect its publicity so. Is it not characteristic of our local authorities that they are wrapped up too much in small affairs, seeing the parts and not the whole? What is needed is more watchfulness over the whole of Kent, which would save it from such disgraces as the state of some of its arterial roads.

In no other county are great roads turned into rubbish heaps so easily as in Kent. The Dover Road in one part near London is strewn with ugly garages at the rate of one a minute, and still other rubbishy places are being opened, with heaps of motor wreckage lying about. Seeing Kent whole, the KCC would surely save us from these things.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARDALE CHURCH

In a few weeks Mardale Church in Westmorland will be only a memory.

The ancient yews have been uprooted and taken away, and the bodies in the churchyard have been removed to Shap. All the fittings in the church have been removed, and the demolition of the building itself begins this month.

In contrast with this sad passing of a village church is the intense activity at the other end of Haweswater, where the foundations of the 95-foot dam are nearing completion and preparations are being made for the building of the dam, which will require 220,000 tons of broken stone and sand and 30,000 tons of cement.

SLAVES THROWN FROM A BRITISH SHIP

The Things That Used To Happen

We have been looking into the story of the days when we, too, had slaves, long before Mussolini sent men with bombs to set slaves free.

It will astonish those who do not know to realise the things that were done in our name.

It was reported one day that 130 Negroes had been thrown overboard from a British slave ship, and Granville Sharp brought the case before a judge. It was stated at the trial that there was a shortage of water and that the captain had proposed the drowning of the slaves on the ground that if they died of sickness the loss would fall on the owners, whereas if it should appear that a number had been got rid of to save the rest the underwriters would be liable at the rate of £30 a head.

The fact was that there was a great rainfall during the drowning of the slaves, yet the defence of the shortage of water was accepted. The Solicitor-General, on behalf of the owners, was indignant at the suggestion of cruelty, and the judge (Lord Mansfield) admitted that the only question he could put before the jury was one of necessity, the affair being the same as if horses had been thrown overboard.

All this was in England in 1783.

THE BATSFORD BOOKS

Messrs Batsford have added to the interest of half our libraries by issuing another batch of their famous countryside books.

They deal with Old Inns and Cathedrals, the English Abbey, and the Country House—all these at 7s 6d; and there is a 5s volume on The Legacy of England which looks at the works of man in the country and illustrates it all with 114 splendid photographs.

BEAVERS REMOVE A HUT
A log cabin on a Government beaver farm in Newfoundland disappeared. It was found that beavers had taken down the hut and used the ready-cut logs to build a dam.

SEEKING PIRATE HOARDS
Expeditions are seeking for hidden treasure, gold and jewels, on two Atlantic islands. One island is in the West Indies and the other, Amelia Island, is near the city of Fernandina, Florida.

EGYPT'S NEW AERODROME
Land has been taken over for the construction of an aerodrome at Ismailia, an important point on the Suez Canal between the Mediterranean and Red Seas.

JAMAICA'S BANANAS
A Government Commission from England is investigating the banana industry of Jamaica, seeking improved production and marketing methods for this industry, which has been experiencing difficult times.

BABOON RAIDERS
The small town of Maritzani in Bechuanaland was invaded by two hundred hungry baboons, which made off with every fowl in a big poultry run.

TOO MUCH MISTLETOE
Mistletoe grows so profusely in the State forest at Brisbane that opossums and koalas are to be introduced there because they eat mistletoe.

WAR ON MOSQUITOES
At Singapore a canal is being cut to allow sea-water to flood low-lying breeding-grounds of mosquitoes near the new airport. Native villages and hundreds of acres of land will be flooded.

TURKISH RAILWAY
A new railway just opened between Fevsi-Pasha and Diarbekr crosses the rich copper district of Ergani. Projected extensions will take the line to the frontiers of Iraq and Iran. See inset map.

BIG RUSSIAN NUGGET
A gold nugget 15 inches long and worth £3123 has been dug up to the south of Sverdlovsk. It weighs 4431 fine ounces, and is one of the biggest ever found in Russia.

CIVILISING THE NOMADS
There are still 2,500,000 primitive tribesmen roaming the Siberian steppes, and a big effort is to be made to settle them in villages and farms. The Russian Government has settled more than 7,500,000 in the last ten years.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP

Equator—the middle line round the globe

ATLANTIC

PACIFIC

NEWFOUNDLAND

FLORIDA

WEST INDIES

JAMAICA

RUSSIA

TURKEY

SYRIA

IRAQ

ARABIA

EGYPT

CAIRO

ISMAILIA

DIARBKIR

FEVSI-PASHA

ERGANI

MARITZANI

SINGAPORE

BRISBANE

Turkey's new railway. See picture-map

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 4, 1936

Everybody's Chance in This New Year

It is the pride of every one of us that we may have a share in the greatest achievement in the history of mankind.

There rests upon this generation the grave and solemn duty of delivering the human race from the curse of war. A great hope stirs within the hearts of men and women in every land, and its fulfilment is in our hands. The fight is between Peace and its enemies, and on the issue hangs the future of the world.

It is something to be taking part in this last crusade, the dramatic fight of the peoples of the world to save themselves from the timidities and stupidities, the fears and the follies, of those who rule them. Out of the hearts of the people comes the haunting cry for Peace; out of the cold calculating brain of the expert comes the answer that it cannot be done. It has always been like that, the people yearning for tranquillity, the expert seeing difficulties everywhere.

We shall see. It will be done. It may not be tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after that; but it will be done. Nothing can keep back the love of Peace that lies deep down in the hearts of all nations.

One thing only keeps back this Peace that all the world desires: *there are not yet enough of us who believe it possible.* The League of Nations can save the world if people will believe in it; if we will not believe in it we are doomed. The belief is in the Law or in the Sword: there is no other way.

In which do you believe? The hope of the world may fail, if it does fail, for want of a million little inspirations, for want of a million little helps, and *one of them may be yours.*

It is worth while thinking about on the threshold of another year. The Wheels of Time are going round. Where will they take the world in ten years more? To see its dream come true? Or to darkness and ruin and death? There are those who do not care; they will not help though all mankind be perishing. But for those who do care what happens to the world the Wheel of Time has come round once again to set them thinking. Are we giving our best? Are you doing your utmost? Do you belong to the great mass of those who do nothing, who care nothing, who leave it to others, or are you on the side of those who feel and act?

Are you marching with the hope of the world or against it in this New Year 1936?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



1936

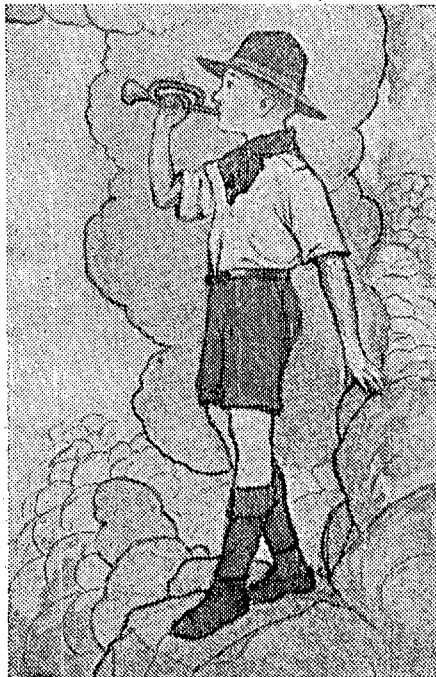
A Happy New Year to the world
And all brave folk who work in it:
All swift wheels that spin in it
And all strait keels that swim in it.

Forward, Brave Heart

By Sir J. M. Barrie

There are glorious years lying ahead of you if you choose to make them glorious. God's in His heaven still.

So forward, brave hearts; to what adventures I cannot tell, but I know that your God is watching to see whether you are adventurous.



New Year, New Year,
What have you to bring me?

For Those Who Brave the Storms of 1936

A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail.
Full many a gallant barque when he was lost
Weathered the gale. *An epitaph*

In a Dark Hour

By Peter Puck

A little more hope
And skies will be brighter,
A little more work
And life will be righter.
Be brave as the lark
In darkness upspringing.
Don't wait for the Sun,
But wake him with singing.

No Nuts For the G O M

We have all been eating nuts, and somebody eating them remembered that rather pathetic story of Mr Gladstone.

He was walking with a nephew in Hawarden Park when they came upon a great walnut tree. "I've forgotten, Uncle William, whether you like walnuts," said the nephew; and the Grand Old Man, looking up at the tree, said, "Edward, I have not eaten a walnut now for sixty-eight and a half years—nor, indeed, a nut of any kind."

The Quail That Did Not Quail

We have received this little story of great courage from our New Zealand correspondent.

While workmen were busy clearing away trees which had been blown down by a gale in the Wairarapa district not long ago they found a hen quail sitting on a nest close by.

Although the big stumps of the trees were being blown up by explosives the bird remained sitting on her eggs, and in due course brought out a clutch of quail chicks.

A Word From Shakespeare

False News

The world has grown honest.
Then is Doomsday near—but your news is not true. *Hamlet*



Tip-Cat

An artist picks up subjects wherever he goes. And puts them down on paper.

CHILDREN'S dresses should be simply cut, says a fashion writer. How wasteful.

MOVIE stars go over their parts several times. Can they see them when they have finished?

A COMPOSER is said to be wrapped up in his music. Saves his tailor's bill.

A SCHOOLMASTER says he never does give naughty boys more than a tap on the shoulder. And they turn it off.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If there is foul play in the poultry run



A CHAMPION sprinter has lost a race.
A run of bad luck.

OIL is a prominent question in the news. And a boring one.

A MAN says he forgets faces but can recognise voices. Generally speaking.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE swastika is to be erased from Scout badges.

THE PILGRIM TRUST has given £10,000 to Toynbee Hall.

AN unknown friend has offered King George's Fund for Sailors £3000.

AN old pensioner has sent his Christmas pension to the Institute for the Blind.

JUST AN IDEA

Who can say what life will make us do until we come to do it?

The Invisible Man

BELIEVE it or not, a young Hungarian is claiming a ray-producing invention which can render the visible invisible!

He says his ray can make a man disappear while his hat remains in sight; a juggler vanish while the balls he conjures with continue tossing in full view.

So wild a vision seems to give reality to the imaginary adventures of old Peter, W. S. Gilbert's hero, on whom a fairy conferred the gift of invisibility at will:

*Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then his suit of clothes did not!
So there remained a coat of blue,
A vest, a double eyeglass too,
His tails, his shoes, his socks as well,*
with the result that his angry wife seized his garments and hid them, making it impossible for old Peter ever to become visible again.

The House in the World Street

I THINK the time has come when we should realise that this old doctrine of complete national sovereignty is becoming obsolete.

It used to be said that each individual householder believed that his home was his castle and that he could do as he pleased without regard for his neighbours, but in our city communities we know that this doctrine cannot be maintained.

In the old days each city could do as it pleased, but today even the cities must conform to certain general regulations, because we are no longer living isolated lives. The same thing is true in international affairs; no one nation lives to itself. In the great street of the nations we are but one house, and we must remember that we must live in that street with the others.

J. S. Woodworth

Nearby

How does a word begin? Nobody knows. We believe the C N began Litter Lout, which creeps into every paper now and will come into the Oxford Dictionary when it is up-to-date. We have done our best to press the word country-planning as compared with town-planning, and it has crept into an Act of Parliament.

Now another word has come into being; we have watched it grow for two or three years, but nobody knows who began it. It is the word Nearby. Once it was two words, then it was hyphenated; but a thousand times we see it today, born mysteriously as a single word in the last few years and now generally adopted, though not as far as we know in any dictionary. We may all be driven to adopt it as a very expressive word which has clearly come to stay; but we do not think we like it.

Often times it is not so much the greatness of thy trouble as the littleness of thy spirit that makes thee to complain. *Jeremy-Taylor*

NEW TREASURE FOR SCOTLAND

A MANUSCRIPT FROM A BROKEN HERO

The Long Story of a Historic
Bundle of Paper

BIRTH OF PROUD MAISIE

All lovers of the works of Sir Walter Scott will be delighted with the news that the manuscript of *The Heart of Midlothian* has been presented to the National Library of Scotland.

It has been given by Miss J. G. Topham of Middleham House in Yorkshire, great-granddaughter of the man to whom it passed from the hands of the broken hero who wrote it.

Scott was in the heyday of prosperity when he wrote this manuscript. Proud of his reputation as a poet, he was still publishing his novels anonymously, believing it was to his poems that he must look for lasting fame. Posterity has differed from his judgment.

Lifelike Characters

The book took England by storm; people, a letter told him, were quarrelling for possession of it. It gave us a wonderful addition to the gallery of characters which seem living creatures, Jeanie Deans, her father, Madge Wildfire, the laird of Dumbiedikes, old Saddletree the law-loving saddler, as well as historical characters such as Queen Caroline and the Duke of Argyll.

When Scott was made bankrupt his manuscripts were among the property seized from him for the benefit of his creditors. All but one were sold, the exception being that which has now been added to Scotland's national literary treasures. This was presented to the chairman of the trustees for the creditors, who so treasured it that he gave it as a wedding present to his son. From that son it descended to the lady who has now sent it back to Scotland.

When the book was published a great lady wrote to Scott, and, being one of the few who knew the secret of its authorship, was able to tell him what English people were thinking of it. They were all delighted with Jeanie Deans, the heroine, she said, because for once the perfectly good character was made the most interesting; heroines were generally rather spiritless creatures.

A Familiar Poem

Only a few people knew that the manuscript still existed, but here it is, perfect, except for the loss of five pages. Among the most beautiful things in the novel are the wild songs Scott puts into the mouth of Madge. The manuscript shows that the most famous of all, *Proud Maisie*, which she sings on her deathbed, was dashed off in the middle of a page of prose, like a passage of narrative.

Here is the familiar poem which was given to the world in this manuscript now coming into the news again:

*Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early.
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.*

*Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?
When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.*

*Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?
The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.*

*The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
Welcome, proud lady.*

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ELM TREES

Another Enemy Beetle

SAD STORY OF A FUNGUS STRIPPING THE COUNTRYSIDE

On a single estate in Worcestershire 500 elms have been sentenced to death.

This news, coming from the Report of the Forestry Commission, is a sad blow to the hopes that the dreaded elm tree disease had partly worn itself out. The disease, caused by a fungus which rots the elm's trunk and branch, and gains a footing through the broads made by a wood beetle, came to this country from Holland.

Neither in Holland nor in England has any way been found of controlling the criminal beetle, nor has any kind of elm proved able to resist the attack. The Huntingdon elm was at first believed to be stouter in resistance than others, but it also proved a victim. The disease has swept like a slow fire from the Eastern Counties to the south-east of Dorset and to Herefordshire. It has travelled across the Atlantic to America, where dismay is general at its ravages.

Threatened Avenue at Windsor

In Worcestershire, where 500 trees of one estate must go lest the infection spreads farther, the disease is strongly established. At Windsor several of the trees along the Datchet Road, in the King Edward the Seventh Avenue, are dangerously infected. The whole avenue may have to go, because one of the most disturbing features of the disease is that till decay begins nobody can say whether the elm harbours the fungus.

The disease was at its worst four years ago. Then it appeared to subside, and hopes were felt that the worst was over, and that, as in some animal epidemics caused by germs, the trees that had survived were safe; they might have gained immunity.

But, though in some districts elm tree disease seemed to be actually dying out, it has begun again and is now nearly as bad as ever it has been. Some trees recover, which is a hopeful sign, but others after recovery fall ill again.

The outlook is not hopeful for our immemorial elms, so beautiful an ornament of the English scene, more abundant with us than in any other land; but it is thought that some of the elms of Asia might, if imported, help to check the disease, and thus, perhaps, the East might redeem the failure of the West.

CHINESE ART MYSTERY

Short-Sighted Painters?

Chinese paintings, as we see them at the wonderful exhibition at the Royal Academy, are remarkable for minute detail in their foregrounds and for misty backgrounds.

Is the explanation of this to be found in the developed faults of Chinese eyesight? Mr O. D. Rasmussen is strongly of opinion that short-sightedness is at least partially responsible.

Travellers in China as long ago as the ninth century noted the studious habits of even small children, although spectacles do not appear to have been used, except for magnification or reading purposes, until some time prior to Marco Polo's visit in the 13th century, long after the establishment of Chinese art traditions.

Mr Rasmussen holds that while Western artists saw distant objects clearly, and so obtained their perspective, Chinese artists saw near objects in detail and distance as a blur.

THE WASTEFUL STARS

Unlimited Light, Heat, and Power

THE ENERGY LOST IN SPACE

Some of the descriptions by Sir James Jeans of the heat and power of the stars might make our engineers sigh, as Lord Kelvin did when he first saw Niagara, at such a waste of energy.

There is giant Sirius, for example, at which we can only point as the brightest star in our skies. Bright as it is it only spares for us less than a millionth part of the light lavished on the Earth by our small Sun.

Even the Sun is wasteful. With its exterior temperature of 6000 degrees it seldom warms any part of the Earth to more than 130 degrees in the shade; and though an area on it that could be covered by a locomotive is blazing out enough power to run all the railways in England, we have not found a way to make use of it. Our old Earth is cleverer



The Holbein portrait. See next column

than we, because for ages it has been bottling up the sunlight in coal.

But the Sun is a pigmy compared with Sirius, which has a temperature of 8000 degrees, or some of the less bright and more distant stars which rise to 68,000 degrees. A bit of one of these no bigger than a postage stamp is shedding into space enough unused power to drive the engines of the British Navy.

These fiercely glowing stars are loosely built, at all events on the outside. What their core and inner temperature may be like is a matter for mathematicians like Sir James Jeans or Sir Arthur Eddington, who do not always see eye to eye about them. But both are agreed that if some stars are like clouds of uncontrollable fire there are others that are almost unbelievably weighty.

Sirius has a dull companion which makes little show in the sky. It does not give out a 360th part of the light of Sirius, and its area compared with its huge neighbour is on the same scale. It is in fact a globe not very much larger than the Earth. But into this globe is packed as much matter as there is in our Sun. It is a very tight squeeze, and the result is that every cubic inch of it weighs about a ton.

The Distances of Space

On the Earth a ton of matter occupies about a cubic yard. On the companion of Sirius, if we could exist there, we could put several tons of matter in our coat pocket, and should ourselves weigh as much as battleships.

These and other comparisons of the starry universe recall what Sir William Bragg said the other day when picturing the distances of space. First there comes the diameter of the Earth, then the distance of the Moon, and then the distance of the Sun. Then comes the distance of the nearest star, and then the distance of Sirius—and then, concluded Sir William, with his merry wit, comes Sir James Jeans!

SIR WILLIAM BUTTS

HAS A NEW COAT

SCIENCE LOOKS AT A HOLBEIN PORTRAIT

Mystery of a King's
Doctor's Son

X-RAYS PUT THINGS RIGHT

Science has rendered homage to Art once more; the X-rays have lately added one more to the known portraits of Holbein.

This scientific miracle of the 19th century has penetrated into a mystery of the 16th, and we can bow before another of the masterpieces of the German painter who gave immortality to our royal Bluebeard, his wives, and his courtiers.

Many an Old Master owes much today to these wonderful rays which penetrate the coats of paint added by later artists and reveal the true original as set on the fresh canvas; and many a fake masquerading as a master's work has been exposed in its true colours.

Works That Sign Themselves

The new Holbein is in the Fine Arts Museum at Boston, U.S.A., and is a portrait of Sir William Butts, son of Henry the Eighth's doctor. Though the fine head appeared to be the work of the master, doubt was cast on the genuineness of the portrait because the clothes in it were not worn until 20 years after Holbein's death, and the beard was trimmed in a later fashion. The X-rays, however, showed that Sir William was wearing two coats, and, the outer coat having been carefully peeled away, he now appears as he did to Holbein and not as he wished to appear 20 years later, when someone was called in to bring his portrait up to date.

No man has suffered more from the restorer than Holbein, and it is said that but one in seven of the portraits in private collections attributed to him can be accepted as his. Perhaps the X-rays will clear up some of these. Holbein did not sign his works, but they rarely fail to sign themselves, justifying the king's comment that, "I could make six peers out of six ploughmen, but out of six peers I could not make one Holbein."

His Last Portrait

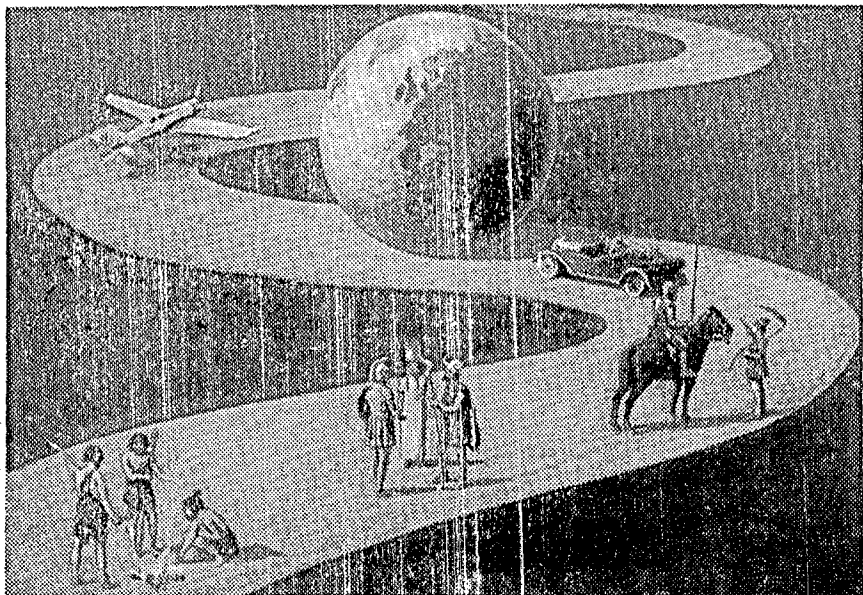
The portrait is an interesting one because it is one of the last Holbein painted, bearing the date 1543, the year in which Holbein died of the plague and was buried so hurriedly that we know not where he lies.

Holbein had spent many hours with the doctors of London during the last months of his life, and the great group of the Barber-Surgeons receiving their Charter from Henry was only just completed in time. In it Sir William Butts, father of the man in this canvas, is receiving the charter from the hand of the king, and a noble face is his, revealing what we know of him, and what Shakespeare thought of him to bring him especially into his play as pleader to King Henry for Cranmer. Holbein painted a separate portrait of the doctor, and we can see it in the National Portrait Gallery. He is a grave clean-shaven man of 59, but his son William sat for his portrait at the same time. Like Holbein he had adopted the royal fashion of the beard, and it is the black beard, framing the thoughtful face of a man of 30, which gives such distinction to this portrait.

HOW FAR CAN YOU SEE?

Writing in reference to our paragraph on this subject a correspondent asks us to remind our readers that on a clear day it is possible to see from the top of Snafell (Isle of Man) all our four countries at once—England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

WHERE IS OUR WORLD GOING?



From Age To Age It Rolls Along

WE hear old people say that they do not know what our world is coming to, and they are right. Nobody knows.

We do not know where the world is going; we only know it is on its way. "We think our civilisation nearing its meridian," wrote Emerson, "but we are only at the cock-crowing of the Morning Star."

If we trace the path it has travelled we may perhaps guess the direction in which the world is moving, and our younger readers will probably live long enough to find out whether our guess is a good one or not.

Not long ago our world left the Stone Age behind. "And a good thing too!" most people will say; but one wise man is not so sure, for then weapons took on a new importance, and tools and implements first made for the hunt came to be used against those Other Men who came to hunt on the same piece of land.

A Great Stride Forward

Civilisation took a great stride forward when the miracle of fire was discovered. After that, granted good hunting, cave life was no longer dreary. It could be made light and warm, damp hides could be dried, and excellent smells could be made by suspending the meat by the fire.

But not all the animals caught were eaten. Sometimes small creatures were kept in the cave; they became friends, and the children would play with them and make them pull things about. Some gave milk good to drink; so the horse, the ox, and the ass all came to serve man.

Then the wheel was invented, and suddenly these animals became vastly more useful. The world seemed to be spinning much faster through space. At all events its inhabitants were.

Isolated families were less common now. Villages and settlements had sprung up to house widely branched families, including cousins and cousins of cousins. These people, often quarrelsome enough among themselves over small things, were all loyal to the same chief and stood by one another in time of trouble or danger. The clan came into being.

Clans Band Together

Then all the clans of a district banded together to protect their interests against marauders and invaders. "Disputes were no longer settled by fighting, but were taken to the chief man to be judged."

Then, still to protect their common interests, the small principalities, dukedoms, and cities were amalgamated into nations, and gradually what we now know as France, Germany, Italy, England, and the other countries of Europe came into being. Each was made up of diverse elements which had come to see they would gain more by keeping the peace with each other and presenting

a united front against those who threatened them than by quarrelling.

There are two outstanding facts about our world as it has rolled on its way down the years. One is that the two-legged creatures with useful hands who rule its destinies have consistently pushed quarrelsomeness to the outer edge of an ever-widening circle and organised their life in larger units. In doing this their self-control grew stronger, their imaginations more active, their sympathies deeper and wider, and little by little they overcame their limitations.

A World of Wonders

And as they triumphed over the bonds that hemmed in their minds, so have they conquered those restraining their bodies. They have created a veritable world of wonders. We hear voices on the other side of the globe, the eye sees events taking place across the sea, and the magic carpet of the fairy tales now bears our statesmen on errands of peace.

When fire first came in no doubt the Diehards shook their heads and worried about this dangerous thing, as Diehards are worrying still about those things that will happen tomorrow. Any man now could set fire to his neighbour's thatch, they would say; mankind would surely perish by this invention!

But man soon learned how to deal with the idiot who flings a firebrand into his neighbour's hayrick; no longer is burning the next town the sport it used to be. Is it not probable, then, that bombing towns from the air may not long prove to be worth while?

As we watch our old world rolling along we imagine it entering the path of a great question just after the aeroplane, and the question is this: Need Governments be rivals?

The Age of Joy and Peace

As man comes to live more and more in the air he is not bound to come more and more to regard the globe beneath him as One? Will he not come to feel at home in all parts of it, as the birds do, seeking his food and raiment where they grow most abundantly? Looking down from his point of vantage in the clouds will he not see clearly that there is enough for all, and that none need be sweated or starved or killed that his own children may live?

A world that only yesterday heard the savage growls of its humans gnawing raw bones in a cave, that today watches them step into mechanical birds to soar above mountains and seas, may look forward to a day when the idea of Justice will triumph over the idea of Greed and the laws of the well-managed nursery will operate alike in the marts of trade and the council halls of nations.

Our guess is that this world, safely out of the Stone Age, through the Steel Age, and now in the Electric Age, will roll steadily on its way through the Age of Justice to the Age of Joy and Peace.

WHERE WILL YOU LIVE?

London's Choice of Climates

East, west, north, and south the Londoner has a choice of climates.

A little country in itself. Greater London has often sunshine and showers, fog and clear weather, at the same time. A recent survey of its weather over 60 years shows that there are yearly differences of rainfall, sunshine, and temperature within its borders.

Over a century its climate as a whole shows no change, though there was a long absence of severe winters in the mid-nineteenth century, just as hard winters were missing after the six years between 1890 and 1896. The greatest extremes of temperature were both recorded at Greenwich.

The yearly rainfall over the long period since accurate measurements of it have been made averages 23 inches; but here the differences are well marked. The fall is lowest in the east near the Thames, where it averages 21 inches, and falls below that at Beckton in the Isle of Dogs. It is highest on the southern hills (25 inches) and the northern heights (26 inches), with Bushey Heath's 27 inches as the topmost reading.

Sunshine is influenced by smoke. Bunhill Fields have an average of 1203 hours of it in the year; Regent's Park has 1295, and Westminster 1321. But Greenwich has 1466, closely followed by Kew with an hour less.

The average temperature of the year is highest in central London, because the houses keep in the warmth or give back the heat of the Sun. But there is no great difference. Campden Hill with a mean average temperature of 51 degrees is otherwise the hottest place, but Greenwich and Kew are less than a degree behind.

POWER FROM THE DUST

Germany's New Filling Stations

Sawdust instead of petrol is the latest of German self-supporting plans.

The new wood-gas for the motor-car is obtained by burning sawdust and shavings finely powdered with charcoal and then baked and compressed into dice.

The dice are packed in 60 lbs airtight, waterproof sacks, and can be carried on the car, or replenished at a service station. The service station no longer tanks up the car through a petrol-hose, but merely dumps on another sack of solidified sawdust.

Over 30 of these filling stations are now being constructed on the Hitler Highways of South Bavaria; and the Bavarian Forestry Department, setting a good example, has fitted up 80 of its vehicles with the necessary additions to enable them to burn the fuel instead of petrol.

The substitute is cheap, about half-a-crown a sack, and the Government declares that it is cheaper to use than petrol. On the other hand, the new fuel apparatus costs £24, and the wood-gas is not so powerful as petrol.

A motor-car warranted to go 40 m p h on petrol cannot exceed 32 on sawdust. We commend sawdust fuel to Mr Hore Belisha as a way of enforcing the speed limit on hasty motorists.

FAIRY GODFATHER

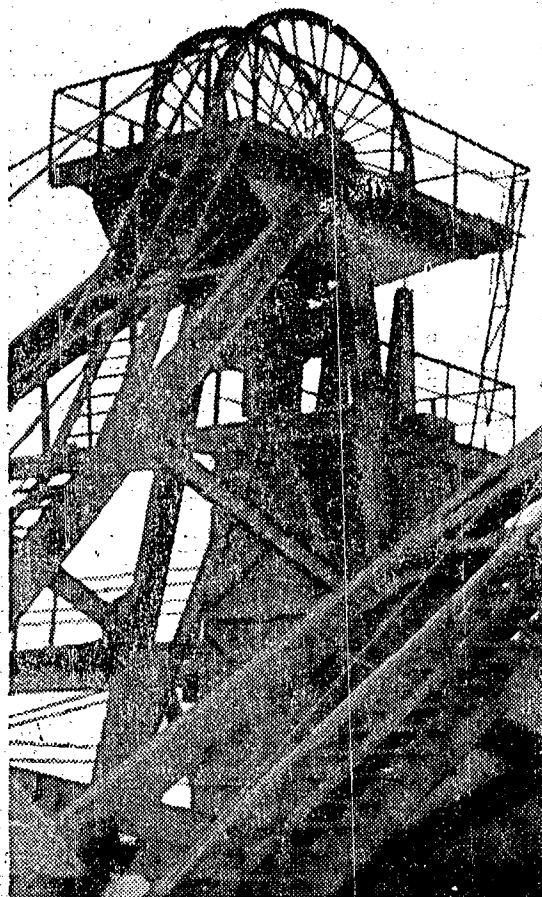
Many a church in Driffield, Yorkshire, will start the New Year with a clean slate through the generosity of an unknown man. Through a solicitor he has offered to pay the debts of all the religious institutions in the town.

Those accepting have to undertake not to get into debt again for two years. We hope they will be able to extend the time limit indefinitely.

The New Zealander



Play—This Saturday the New Zealand Rugby team, the tour. They have beaten Scotland and Ireland



Work—An impressive picture of a pit-head at Ashington. It is hoping that the New Year will bring greater

A Northern Pit-Head



All Blacks, play England at Twickenham, the last game of their and lost to Wales by the narrow margin of one point.



In the heart of the Northumberland coalfield. The whole nation happiness and prosperity to the great coal industry.

HIS FATHER'S SON

Mr Edward Shackleton in the Arctic

Adventurous son of an adventurous father, Mr Edward Shackleton is following in Sir Ernest's footsteps.

Sir Ernest was a young man when he joined Captain Scott's first expedition to the Antarctic. Edward Shackleton is younger still. He is only 24, but he has been with the Oxford Arctic expedition which sought North Ellesmere Land and wintered in North Greenland.

In a lecture this young explorer has lately given to Manchester men he modestly dwelt most on the results obtained by his fellow explorers.

The party split up into three parties of two Englishmen apiece, accompanied by four Eskimos. One party, Mr Stallworthy and Mr Moore, discovered a new 10,000-foot range in Grant Land. Another couple travelled unexplored territory in West Ellesmere Land.

Mr Shackleton and his companion discovered that the Victoria and Albert Mountains, originally seen by Nares, and mapped by him 20 miles inland, were actually on the shores of Scoresby Bay.

Many risks and hardships were cheerfully endured by all the explorers, and were as lightly passed over by this second generation Shackleton.

During a storm when returning the propeller of their ship, a Norwegian sealer, dropped off while they were still 700 miles from the Scottish coast. It had been fractured by the ice. But they made port safely under sail.

OPENING UP THE ARCTIC

Ice Breakers To Break a Way

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, has always maintained that the Arctic is a friendly place where any man might live.

The Russian Government is encouraging its people to do so. Professor Otto Schmidt has just told a London audience that the Soviet has settled 600,000 Russians in the Arctic Circle, and he has under him 30,000 workers engaged in Arctic exploration and in opening up the icy land.

A pleasing picture he drew of that little-understood country. It has the healthiest climate in the world, in spite of mosquitoes in the summer. It has towns of 15,000 inhabitants and schools and cinemas, minerals, metals, and oil.

But the pioneers are pushing farther north. Professor Schmidt is not the man to understate the difficulties, for he was one of the 104 people rescued by Russian airmen from the research ship Chelyuskin after it had been crushed in the Choukchi Sea in 1934.

The Soviet is preparing a more vigorous attempt to push northward through the ice. Six new ice breakers have been laid down in the shipyards, each driven by engines of 10,000 to 12,000 horsepower, and each carrying aeroplanes capable of being catapulted from the ice breaker's deck.

A PIECE OF ENGLAND

VERY CHEAP

A very beautiful piece of England has just been bought very cheaply by the Surrey County Council.

It is Warren Farm, Mickleham, in a beautiful district locally known as Little Switzerland. It lies between White Hill and Boxhill, which belong to the National Trust. Now the farm will be equally safe as a public domain for ever.

The price is quite low, seeing that the land is "ripe for building," as the auctioneers put it. The farm measures 66 acres and was bought for £4,000, or about £60 an acre. We hope London's "Green Belt" will receive many such additions. It is high time Lullingstone Park in Kent was bought.

FATHER DAMIEN OF FLANDERS FIELDS

It is thrilling to read that President Roosevelt has allowed a battleship to bring home the body of Father Damien from Hawaii to Flanders, where it is to be buried in the hero's native land nearly half a century after his death.

Well known in Flanders Fields was Father Damien, for no man of the millions lying there was more truly a hero than he. He cast his lot among the most miserable and hopeless and helpless of human beings, the lepers of a Pacific island colony. He gave them hope, he gave them help, he gave them himself, for in the inscrutable purpose of God it was decreed that he should share their fate.

The Hard Work of the Fields

The sturdy Flemish farmer François de Veuster and his wife Catherine hoped their Joseph would grow up clever and have a better career than following his father in the hard farm work of the fields. They raised money to send him to college. But already the call had come to Joseph, and after a long debate with himself he asked his parents whether he might follow his elder brother into the Church. They were disappointed, but gave way. At 20 (about 1860) Joseph de Veuster became Brother Damien.

For ten years he laboured as a missionary in Hawaii, the flower-strewn island of the Pacific, 2000 miles from the nearest mainland, which some have called the Garden of God. In that earthly Paradise lurks one of the most fearful and most deadly scourges of mankind, leprosy.

The kindly, pleasure-loving, careless Hawaiian was a fertile soil for the deadly seed, but the easy-going Hawaiian never considered the necessity of preventing the disease or segregating the sufferers. But in the year after Damien's arrival the Government awoke to the danger and passed an Act decreeing banishment to all victims, regardless of sex or rank, of race or colour.

A Knell-Like Decree

The decree rang like a knell through the island, and, though hundreds of lepers were transported to Molokai, many evaded the decree, and continued to do so for eight years.

The restrictions were tightened up, and more and more lepers were sent to the settlement, which by that time was known as the Living Graveyard.

We may imagine, from what we now know of Father Damien's pitying soul, how his heart was wrung by the thought of the sufferers, to many of whom he had ministered, and whom he saw depart with no hope that they would return. The impulse he must long have felt to share their exile was subordinated to his vow of obedience to his spiritual superiors and to the knowledge that it was not for him to choose the work he should do. But at last the moment came.

"If you will allow it," he said to the bishop, "I will go to Molokai."

The words were spoken by a humble missionary, but they were the voice of God, and the bishop dared not withhold his consent. So at 33 Father Damien passed into the arena of the martyrs. Within a few hours he set sail with 50 of the exiled to the leper island.

The Leper Settlement

Molokai was a place that hardly bears description. Its great walls of volcanic rock rise in cliffs from the sea. There was no need to guard the Leper Settlement, for the twofold barrier of precipitous rock and surf-beaten shore made it a natural prison. Before the arrival of the first batch of lepers the natives living on the most cultivable part of the island had fled.

By this time the plain had relapsed into a wilderness, with a few grass-thatched huts foul beyond description, and a rough hospital where dying lepers went to await the hour when they were put into their coffins. Scanty supplies of food and clothing came at intervals, but they were inadequate, and often

delayed by storms which made landing impossible. Two thousand victims of leprosy had been landed there since the first decree, and 800 were still alive when Father Damien arrived on the scene.

It seems incredible, but there was not enough water to wash in. This Flemish peasant priest was a man of his hands, practical, hard-working, the sort of man who gets things done. Spiritual and visionary he might be, but he discovered a water supply, demanded water pipes from the Government, and provided a supply of water for all purposes of drinking, washing, and bathing. With his own hands he started to build fresh huts, and, although at first he worked alone, little by little a few of the stronger lepers began to help him.

He carried out the dangerous task of uprooting drunkenness from a community which regarded drink as the only alleviation of its suffering. Houses, water, food, clothing he wrung out of a niggardly Government. He set to work to remedy the appalling state of the sick. No hospital, doctor, or nurse was there; no bandages, no medicine. He got them all, as Florence Nightingale did in the Crimea, in spite of all stupidity and bungling.

Four Agonising Years

One of the saddest features of that island was the large number of children who were nobody's business. Father Damien made them his children. He moved about his work with a bodyguard of them. He nursed them when they came to die. He built for grey Molokai, the living graveyard, a church. He was the friend of his converts till their brief and incredibly painful lives were ended and it fell to his lot to bury them.

This was the strong man, the tender saint, the indomitable hero who for all his courage and saintliness was not to escape the dread disease of those to whom he had ministered. Twelve years after he had set foot on the shores of Molokai, 12 years in which he had beheld every circumstance of the living death



within it, its doom fell on him. Through four long and agonising years he endured its deadly progress from limb to limb. He knew it early; he knew he was a leper destined to certain death. But he carried on; neither fear for himself nor sorrow for others could break his steadfast spirit. To the very end he kept his high courage, and he died as he had lived, like a saint.

As he lay dying he was asked if he would like to send a message to a great prince of the Church. He hesitated, but after a time said that he had no message to send except his thanks for sending him to Molokai.

So ended his story, and a poet, thinking of it all, wrote this noble epitaph:

*O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted Earth below
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring,
A leper white as snow.*

AN ECHO IN GREECE

Old Drama in a New Setting

EVENTS RECALLING AN IMMORTAL JOKE

A laugh has broken in on the splendour of the reconciliation between the King of Greece and his people.

He has forgiven and welcomed back his old opponents, so, taking advantage of his genial mood, a tiny village near Kavala has decided that not all the decisions shall rest with him; alone in the happy kingdom its elders recently resolved to be republicans.

To preserve the peace the police conducted the elders to the police-station, where other villagers in turn surrounded the police, to be finally enclosed by still another body of police, and all ended merrily, with Greece still an undivided monarchy.

Eight Shillings For Peace

A similar resolution moved a tiny area in Russia during the war. A comic republic was declared, and an invitation was issued to the rest of the world to deal directly with it, not only politically but for the purchase of vegetables, of which, it said, it had an excellent crop.

The Kavala incident proves how little the character of the people changes. For over 2000 years the world has laughed with delight over a Greek play by Aristophanes with a scheme just as diverting and just as improbable.

The great war between Athens and Sparta was being fought, and the Athenians, with Pericles at their head, were tired of it, yet resolute in its prosecution. So Dicaopolis, a citizen, resolves that if the nation will not make peace he will.

He sends off a messenger to the Spartans, giving him eight shillings, and bidding him buy for him as much of a peace as he can with the money.

A Feast For Three

Back in due course comes the messenger bringing a treaty of peace which Dicaopolis accepts for himself alone. The land is convulsed by strife; the Spartans may march and counter-march, pillage the cornfields and vineyards, drive off the cattle, burn right up to the walls of Athens, but he is at peace with them; and with his wife and his slave for a crowd he makes a procession, following with a national feast for three, as heartily as if the two most warlike peoples of the age had beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.

For 25 centuries that play has made us merry; now we see that the spirit which the Greek dramatist detected in his fellows still survives to make us laugh afresh in our own world of care.

BATS AT LAW

The bats of Bulawayo, having apparently heard of the starlings who attended the installation of London's new Lord Mayor, have been appearing during the sittings of the High Court of Southern Rhodesia.

While the court is closed between sessions the bats have found the lofty arched roof with its network of old timbers a pleasant place for their daytime slumbers. When the usher calls "Silence in court" as the judge enters, the bats add "Hear, hear" in a chorus of chirps and squeaks.

They wish to sleep, and desire quiet for this purpose as much as any judge, and as long as the eloquence of learned counsel disturbed their peace the bats would chatter their protests.

At a recent sitting of the court a small deputation flew confusedly round the chamber, made a forced landing on the floor, and were eventually removed by the officials.

A STRANGE LAND

Millions Poor With Natural Abundance

The population of the United States now approaches 140 millions, all living in a land abounding in natural wealth.

There has been recovery since the great slump began in 1929, but it is officially reported that in May no fewer than one in seven of the 140 millions were in receipt of public relief.

This means about 20 millions of very, very poor.

The entire population of Spain is 24 millions, so that it is a nation of the very poor that America has still within her borders. Yet American writers continue to criticise Europe and to tell Europe what it ought to do!



Joan of Arc faces her accusers in her cell

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If It is Next Week

- Jan. 5. Edward the Confessor died . . . 1066
- 6. Joan of Arc born at Domremy . . . 1412
- 7. Sir Thomas Lawrence died in London . . . 1830
- 8. Giotto the great artist died at Florence . . . 1337
- 9. Napoleon III died at Chislehurst . . . 1873
- 10. Linnaeus the naturalist died at Upsala . . . 1778
- 11. Sir H. Sloane, English naturalist, died . . . 1753

The Maid of Orleans

Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, is the noblest figure in the history of France, and unsurpassed in purity and heroism in the history of mankind.

She was born at Domremy, in Eastern France, of peasant parentage; and she could neither read nor write. Beyond her home duties and minding her father's sheep, religion was her chief concern.

France was divided by quarrels, and the English occupied a large part of the north and west. Thinking often of this she had visions of being the rescuer of her country, and, dressing in men's clothes as a soldier, she led the French to the attack with great success.

But the French were divided among themselves, and finally Joan was captured by a hostile section of her own people and sold to the English. At Rouen she was imprisoned, tried, found guilty of sacrilege, and on May 30, 1431, at the age of 19, was burned.

Twenty-five years later history did her justice, and her sentence was pronounced unjust on the spot where she had been burned. Lasting disgrace rests on those heads of the Church who condemned the Maid, and on the English who burned her.

THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD

A Good Samaritan Among the Outcasts

Dr Howard Somervell says he has the best job in the world.

Readers of the C N know what that job is, for we have told how Dr Somervell, of Mount Everest fame, offered his services to the London Missionary Society and was accepted 12 years ago. Twice he nearly reached the summit of Everest, and gave lectures and showed paintings of his steep adventures. Now he is home again from India, thrilling great audiences with tales of his work at Neyyoor in Travancore, the only modern hospital for two million people.

Dr Somervell would certainly have gained wealth as well as honour if he had practised in England. It was something more than the greater medical need of India which made him give his life to that country. The evils in England, he says, are in spite of our religion, but those in India are because of hers. It is important to relieve suffering, but what matters most is the way it is done; kindness and sympathy are a revelation to Indian patients.

When the Monsoon Fails

There is slavery in all but name among the agricultural workers, who lose their all when the monsoon fails. The suffering caused by unqualified doctors is enhanced by the superstitions which must be obeyed.

A boatful of labourers capsized in a Travancore lake. Two Brahmins were in another boat and could easily have saved a number of the men struggling in the water, but they were not of the same caste. Not only did they feel no responsibility, but they pushed back, to drown those who would have defiled them by holding on to their boat. On another occasion streams of people on their way to market passed unheeding a man lying by the roadside with a broken leg.

It is among such people that Dr Somervell has been spreading the spirit of the Good Samaritan. A little of his work may be glimpsed from these facts.

Each year 150,000 patients come to Neyyoor for treatment, and these are largely surgical cases sent on from outlying dispensaries. Lepers come too, and it is a great triumph for the hospital that a third of them are sent home well each year. Such results alone might justify any man saying that in helping to bring them about he had the best job in the world.

THE LUMINOUS WEATHERCOCK

A weathercock which tells the direction of the wind by means of light has been of great service to flyers at Croydon aerodrome.

It is an indicator controlled directly by the action of the wind on streamlined tail fins, which cast a deep shadow on a powerfully illuminated circular dial round the central supporting pillar. A number of powerful floodlights, each of a million candlepower, have been arranged round the landing area, and according to the direction of the wind certain of these are lighted up.

The airman has been helped almost beyond belief by the clever inventions of the illuminating engineer. There is a boundary of orange-coloured globes fixed every hundred yards on small standards round the outer edge of the landing area, while the huge neon beacon which flashes in Morse the name of the aerodrome can be seen sixty miles away. A line of neon light 1100 feet long lies along the middle of the aerodrome to aid flyers landing in foggy weather.

Lighting equipment on similar lines is being made by the General Electric Company for Brighton, Bristol, Liverpool, and many other aerodromes, and for a chain of twelve aerodromes stretching 2800 miles from Rangoon to Karachi.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of January 1911

A Village Marvel. Shortly before Christmas the Law Courts saw a sight such as had never been witnessed in any court before. During a trial concerning patent rights one of the courts was fitted up with wireless telegraphy apparatus, and messages from various parts of the outer world were received in the presence of judge and jury, just as if the court were a ship at sea.

Very wonderful it seemed to all the learned people in court.

But the children at the village school of Bugbrooke in Northamptonshire are accustomed to such wonders. They have a scientific schoolmaster, named Mr F. H. Wright, who has made a little wireless telegraphy system of his own. He fitted it up in the school during his spare time. It is made up of wine-glasses, cotton reels, school rubber, corks, lids of cigar boxes, and other common fragments.

Mr Wright has made this wonderful apparatus for the sake of his scholars, and they know all about wireless telegraphy, and can work the instruments. He is licensed by Government to work his apparatus, but he is sworn not to betray any Government secrets which come flashing through the air to his school.

THE LONE SCOUTS OF NEW ZEALAND

At the present time 33 lads in the back-blocks of the Auckland Province of New Zealand are members of the Auckland Lone Scout troop which was started several years ago to bring scouting into the lives of lonely lads on distant farms and in other far-off places.

Since then other Lone Scout troops have been formed in New Zealand, and the roll of the Auckland troop has increased by 20 during the past year.

The task of directing the scouting activities of these Lone Scouts is carried on by correspondence under the supervision of a scoutmaster.

When the King's Jubilee was being marked by a chain of bonfires lit by the Scouts throughout New Zealand some of the Lone Scouts lighted fires on the hills near their homesteads.

THE BOY AND HIS BANTAM

A little Sunday-school boy who has been in bed for nearly a year sent his bantam to a sale for clearing the debt off a church in Westmorland, sending with it the message to "Sell it over and over again." It was sold 22 times at a shilling, and finally for ten shillings.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

Will It Appear a Coppery Colour?

THE EARTH AS A LUMINOUS HOOP IN THE SKY

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Moon will pass into the shadow of the Earth and be totally eclipsed next Wednesday evening, January 8, so if the sky is clear this eclipse should provide a most entertaining spectacle.

It will begin about 4.28, 18 minutes after sunset in south-east England, the Full Moon, which does not rise until 4 o'clock, being then very low in the north-east sky.

The Earth's shadow first appears at the lower left-hand side of the Moon's disc, as indicated in the accompanying picture; from then until two minutes to 6 the shadow may be seen creeping, as it were, but actually travelling at about 23 miles a minute, from east to west over the Moon's face.

The Moon will then be entirely immersed and appear as either a dark-greyish or coppery disc; but this will only last until about 6.21, when the sunlight may be seen to begin lighting up the right side of the Moon. For the next hour and a half, until about 7.50, the Earth's dark shadow, or umbra, will gradually pass off the Moon's face, leaving only a faint duskiess, known as the penumbra; this will finally vanish about 9. The penumbral shadow is produced in consequence of only part of the Sun's light being shut off by the Earth, so that were we on the Moon in the penumbral area we would see only a portion of the Sun eclipsed by the great dark globe of our world. The penumbra is densest where it adjoins the umbra, because it is there where most of the Sun would appear eclipsed. The entire Sun would, of course, appear eclipsed as seen from the umbral region of the Moon.

With the Earth's great disc (appearing on the Moon nearly four times wider than the Sun's disc) in the way it might be supposed that no sunlight could possibly reach the Moon to light it up, even to this slight extent, though the light from Venus at present might account for a trifle of this apparently mysterious light on the Moon.

The strange light, as stated, varies in colour. The coppery tint could not be provided by Venus, moreover the light is there when Venus is not present, while the reddish hue could not be provided by starlight. Actually it is our world that produces it, and in a most beautiful manner.

A Glorious Sight

If we were on the Moon and the Sun had just passed behind the great sphere of the Earth a glorious sight would then be presented, for, in addition to a star-studded sky, such as we never see on Earth in total eclipses of the Sun, and the superb streamers of the pearly Corona, a many-coloured ring of light would be seen resembling a luminous hoop in the sky. This hoop would appear nearly four times the diameter that the Moon appears to us, while the colours would vary, but with the reddish-yellow tints always on the inside, or nearest the Earth, as in our sunsets.

The sunlight passing through the Earth's atmosphere, and becoming thereby refracted or bent, supplies the light, while the different densities of the atmosphere act like a prism and so produce the intensely brilliant rainbow effect. This, however, may at times be dulled by terrestrial clouds round the ring intercepting the sunlight; then the Moon appears greyish instead of coppery as seen from the Earth in total eclipse, these hues being the result of the bright colours refracted mingling with the ashen hue of the Moon's surface. G. F. M.



DANIEL ADAMSON OF THE SHIP CANAL

Manchester Remembers a Great Citizen

THE CRUSADER WHO WOULD NOT BE CONQUERED

Manchester has been remembering the man whose tireless and unwavering leadership made that inland city one of the seaports of the world.

A bronze portrait of Daniel Adamson, the real creator of the Manchester Ship Canal, has been unveiled at Ship Canal House to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Act which enabled the canal to be made.

Few great achievements in the world are carried through without the driving force and imagination of some dominant and enthusiastic personality, and the Ship Canal owes its existence to the courage and tenacity of Daniel Adamson.

How the Idea Grew

Daniel Adamson was born in a humble home at Durham in 1820. He settled in the Manchester district early in life and built up a big engineering business at Dukinfield. In 1877 Hamilton Fulton, an engineer, suggested to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce that a canal to the sea would add to the prosperity of their city. Adamson at once became deeply interested in the idea.

In a few years commercial depression gave an impetus to the idea, and in 1882 Adamson invited the Mayors of Manchester and the surrounding towns, engineers, and other influential people to a meeting at his house in Didsbury. Here he expounded the wonderful results which had been obtained from the improvements on the Tyne, the Tees, and the Clyde in recent years, and declared that a similar treatment of the Mersey would bring even better results to Manchester. So impressed were his hearers that a committee was formed, with Daniel Adamson as chairman, to survey the route, collect funds, and secure the permission of Parliament.

Appeal To Local Patriotism

No man worked so hard as Adamson, who went through the towns of Lancashire with the zeal of a Crusader, appealing to local patriotism and pointing out that if they got a canal their children and their children's children would bless them for giving them new facilities for earning their bread.

Twice a Bill was brought before Parliament, and Adamson gave evidence before its Committee, arguing with the lawyers of the interests opposing the Canal, and twice was the Bill thrown out. Undeterred by these failures Adamson fought on, raised more money, and finally succeeded in getting a third Bill through both Houses of Parliament.

His return from London was celebrated with triumphal arches, banquets, and processions; indeed, Manchester held a public holiday on October 3, 1885, when the Trade Societies and Temperance Societies of the city followed him in a civic procession of 30,000 people, stretching for four miles, with models of ocean-going steamers, of tugs towing cotton freighters, and of other symbols of the wealth to come held aloft by cheering Guilds.

The Waterway of His Dreams

The Ship Canal Company was then formed, and Adamson was its first chairman, but only a tithe of the millions required could be raised locally. The aid of the Rothschilds had to be obtained and he had to retire. Yet he did not sulk, but worked as hard as anyone in the task of raising the money.

The first sod of the canal was cut in 1887, but Daniel Adamson did not live to see ships sailing in the waterway of his dreams, for he died in 1890, four years before Manchester was linked by water with the markets of the world.

1000 MILLIONS IN OUR KINEMAS

A YEAR AT THE FILMS

British Films Live Longer Than Foreign Ones

WHERE LANCASHIRE LEADS

Some amazing facts and figures relating to the kinema industry have been given to the Statistical Society by Mr S. Rowson. They reveal that about a thousand million visits are made to our kinemas every year.

Mr Rowson, who is President of the British Kinematograph Society, tells us that 957 million tickets were bought in 1934 at a cost of £40,950,000, at an average price of just over 10d a ticket. Of this sum the Government received £6,800,000 in entertainment duty.

Four out of every five visitors paid a shilling or less for their seats. The most popular month was January, when the average weekly attendance was 21,600,000, and even at the height of summer the weekly average was 13,000,000.

A Remarkable Social Fact

At the end of 1934 there were 4305 kinemas with seats for some four million people, Lancashire, with 699 kinemas, having one seat for every nine people. In the London postal area there were 401 kinemas with a seat for every 14 people.

British films had a longer life on the screen than foreign films, the average number of times each British film was shown being 7420, as against 6900. This is good news for our own films; on the other hand there were twice as many foreign films as British.

One figure of much significance is obtained by ignoring children under 15, who represent a relatively small fraction of the total kinema patrons. For persons over 15 the average works out at roundly 30 visits a year. As many are too old to go, or too far from a picture-house, this average is indeed a remarkable social fact.

Mr Rowson does not deal at large with the entertainments provided at these theatres, but his figures prove how all-important it is to secure a high standard of entertainment. It was once said by a clever man that if he could make a nation's songs he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. It is much more true today that to make a nation's films is to make or unmake a nation.

Signs of Improvement

No one can pretend to be satisfied with films as they are, but there are undeniable signs of improvement. Vulgarity is on the wane. The greatest successes have been made by the best films.

It is a little distressing to have to record that British producers in some cases seem determined to outdo America in vulgarity. The old "music-hall" note has crept into too many British pictures.

It is to be hoped that a survey of this kind will be made every year; it will be a valuable guide to students of our social life and interests.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Painting by Frank Hals | £2940 |
| Portrait by Gainsborough | £1890 |
| Painting by S. Van Ruysdael | £1365 |
| Portrait by Rembrandt | £1312 |
| Etching by Rembrandt | £567 |
| Bronze vessel of Chou Dynasty | £277 |
| A William and Mary clock | £273 |
| George III glass goblet | £250 |
| Sheraton mahogany cabinet | £168 |
| 1st edition of East Lynne, 1861 | £118 |
| Jenner book on Vaccination | £112 |
| Pair of K'ang Hsi plates | £92 |



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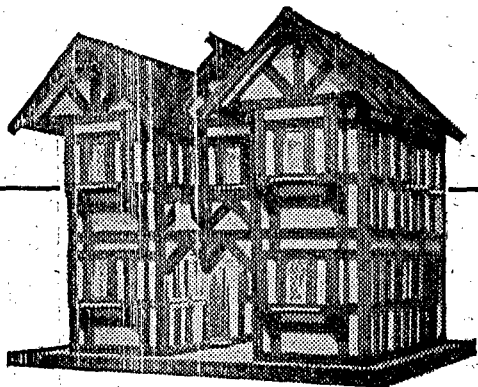
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Age

Address

Children's Newspaper, 4.1.36. (Write in BLOCK LETTERS)



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MICHAEL NORTH

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1

Ramiro's Bright Idea

THE question was, could the paper-chase (or fox-chase, whichever they chose to call it) be run on skis all the way? Ramiro Lopez, the young Spaniard, declared that it could. He said, "Considering that I was the first of you chaps to think of the idea at all—"

The Danish lad, Sigurd Klim, struck in here, with a glance at the others, who knew how touchy Ramiro could become on a sudden. "Yes, old chap," cried he, "we're not forgetting it's your idea. It's brainy and novel; so if you want a vote of thanks—"

"Passed unanimously!" interjected the Swiss, Bernard Weiss.

"I don't," said Ramiro in his high-pitched voice. "I don't want any vote of thanks. I only want you blockheads to leave it to me."

"How can we do that when we're all taking part?" cried another.

Ramiro frowned crossly. "You, Leon," he rapped, "because you're French and because we're in the French Alps you fancy you know these parts better than I do. You don't, let me tell you. This isn't my first Winter Sports season here by any means. I know Mont d'Arbois with my eyes shut, and Mont Joly as well. So I'll ask you not to interrupt me any more, if you please."

"You'll never settle anything if you start quarrelling."

All swung round toward the quiet voice. It came from a boy, well built, with rather grave eyes, who, leaning with his back against the balustrade of the hotel's broad terrace, had been listening with a little smile on his lips.

It was Michael North, from England. All of them knew him; they had skied with him and skated with him, and roped him in for ice-hockey, but they never appeared to know him, they said, any better. He was shy; he kept himself, they declared, too much to himself. Bernard Weiss, who fancied himself at the English language, had dubbed him "a mysterious sort of cove"; and Leon Veyrier, the merry young Frenchman, had seconded this with "Mais, oui! C'est M'sieur L'Inconnu!"

The Unknown! They had fastened the nickname on Michael with amiability, and he had accepted it with equal good nature. But it had not caused him to talk about himself, to emerge from his shell. "A reserved chap," smiled Sigurd, the Dane, "if ever there was one."

And now they called out to him to bring up a chair and sit down. They had the terrace to themselves except for two lady visitors who were gazing from the farther end at the Dôme du Miage, the colour of bright silver in the moonlight. For tonight all the guests of the Hôtel d'Aiguille were dancing to boisterous music which found its way from indoors to lose itself on the snow.

Michael North joined the party. "I've been listening," he said.

"Tell us something less obvious," laughed Pepe Gitano, the second Spaniard in the party.

"Well, let me go on," answered Michael, returning the laugh. "Here you all are—"

"Include yourself."

"All right. Here we are," smiled Michael, "representing France, Italy, Switzerland, yes, and Italy," he added, with a nod to Alfiero Vecchia, "plus England—"

Leon Veyrier cried out, "Good old England!"

"Hear, hear!" chimed Michael, giving him a mock bow. "And as we represent such a good chunk of nations we can't be surprised if we don't agree first pop off. So I take back what I said just now about quarrelling, and I suggest that we let Ramiro tell us the route—"

"Oh, you'll come in?" they shouted.

"If you'll let me," he said. "And when Ramiro has explained his route we can judge whether it can be done on skis all the way."

"Practically all the way," Ramiro said, nodding. "From here we go up Mont d'Arbois: skis all the way. At the top of Mont d'Arbois we turn off sharp along the ridge to Mont Joly: skis all the way. Then down we skim—"

"But half a second. Don't forget there'll be no end of skiers all over the shop!"

"I'm coming to that, Bernard. We swiz down Mont Joly and cross the Val du Mont Joie to the forest—"

"And there?"

"Well, of course, one can't go tearing along on skis through the forest, so naturally we'll have to sling our skis there. But as soon as the hare, or the fox, whichever you call the chap laying the trail, gets out of the forest he must take to his skis again and choose his own trail any way he prefers, so long as he ends up here again at the hotel."

"If we don't catch him first," exclaimed Weiss. "He must lay the trail properly. Confetti, eh? Coloured paper because of the snow."

"Yes, confetti, I thought."

Then Bernard Weiss repeated his former objection. "It might pan out all right," he agreed, "if only we had Mont Joly and Mont d'Arbois to ourselves. But considering that there are more skiers here than ever this season I don't see how—"

Ramiro stopped him. "Bernard, what is today?" he demanded.

"Saturday."

"And what's the day after tomorrow?"

"Monday," said Bernard impatiently.

"Yes, Monday. But you go about with your eyes shut. Do you mean to say you haven't seen all the notices about the Fête d'Elegance on skis at Passy on Monday? At Passy, the other side of the plain of Sallanches! Everybody is going. This hotel will be as empty as a desert. We shall have our slopes all to ourselves!"

"Our Ramiro thinks of everything!" chuckled Leon.

"I do," said the Spanish boy quietly. "I do think of everything." And his eyes strayed for an instant to Michael North as he spoke.

"Will your Excellencies buy a beautiful rug?"

CHAPTER 2

The Carpet-Seller

THERE had stepped upon the terrace a singular figure. It was that of a red-turbaned Moor, whose heel-less slippers gave no sound as he moved. His flowing white mantle, looped at the shoulder and drawn open to show the tunic beneath, invested his great height with a remarkable stateliness which the composure of his features and bearing increased. His face and his arms and his hands were burned black by the sun.

Extending a forearm draped with rugs of all colours, "Will your Excellencies buy a beautiful rug?" he repeated.

His voice was very deep and curiously musical.

Ramiro scoffed at him. "Not today, Beni-Hassan, you old vulture! Take yourself off!"

Not a muscle of the Moor's imperturbable face stirred, nor did any flicker of feeling show in his eyes. "Then your Excellencies will buy a fine carpet," he uttered. And, clapping his hands together, "See, my Zamat shall show you fine carpets!"

At his signal he was joined by a youth of his race, with two sharp, cheerful eyes showing through his burnous, or hood, and below this a mouth and chin of the colour of chocolate.

Right across this young Moor's body from shoulder to hip there was slung a number of carpets. Lowering these, he began to display them without a word.

"The chap's a mute," said Ramiro in a loud whisper. "I heard him trying to speak once; it was too killing!"

"Shut up! He'll hear you," Michael North whispered back.

But the mute disregarded Ramiro. As grave as his master, he continued to show his carpets and point to their texture and colouring.

"Oh, take them away!" fumed Ramiro.

With a sign to his assistant to take up the carpets, the Moor bowed to them all and disappeared from the terrace.

Then Leon Veyrier turned to Michael. "I suppose, North," he said, "you don't have any of those wandering rug-sellers in England? But over here there are quite a number. They hail from Morocco. I suppose it pays them all right, though I've never seen anyone buying a rug from them yet!"

"I have," declared Bernard; "and the stuff they sell isn't so bad, Leon."

Ramiro chimed in. "Beni-Hassan's is rubbish, I bet!" he said. "Do you know who the old scoundrel is? He's an ex-brigand! Honestly. He was a terror in Morocco for quite a long time. Then the French caught him. And for some unearthly reason they gave him a free pardon. That's a fact. Did you ever! Now he rambles about touting carpets. That's a softer job than slitting throats, I expect."

"Why was he given a free pardon?"

Continued on page 14

The English Monarchy
FROM
ALFRED THE GREAT
TO KING GEORGE V

**67
YEARS'
REIGN**

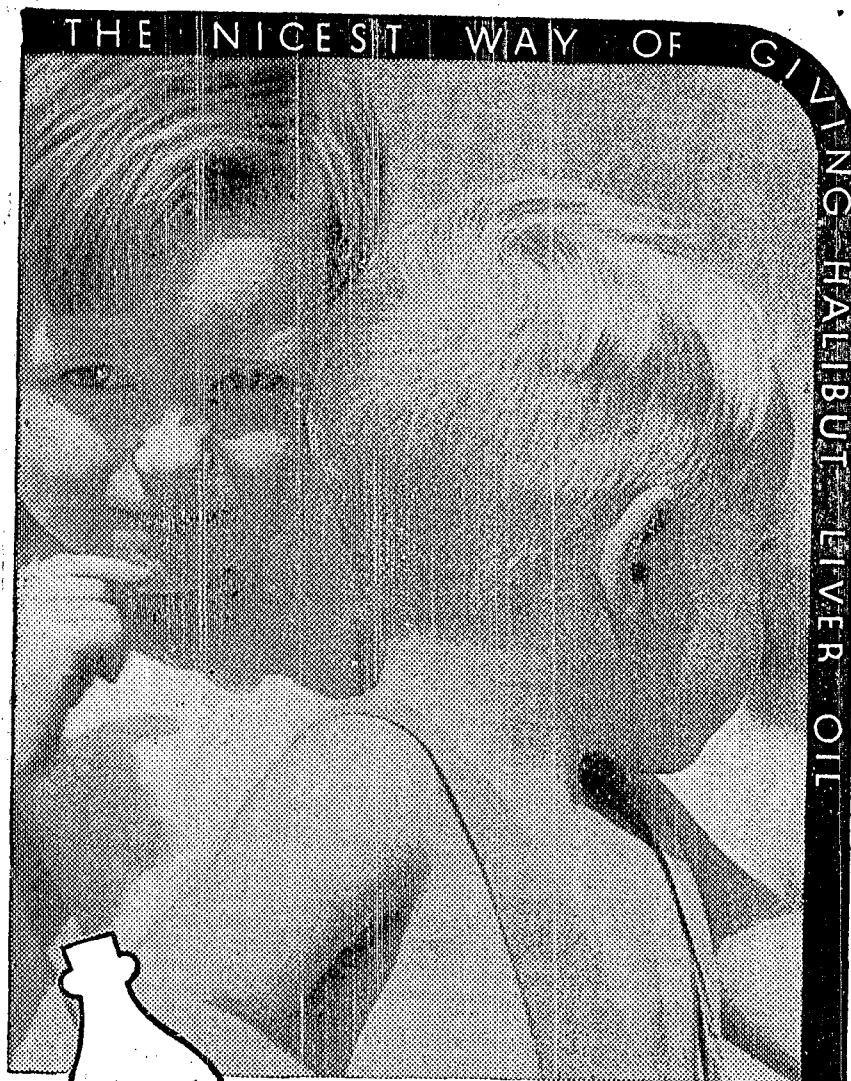
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The scroll here reproduced in miniature, which shows the succession of the English Monarchy from the time of Alfred the Great to the present day, is beautifully printed in colours and gives a series of reproductions of fifty-two sovereigns from pictures and sculptures executed in their own times. What a good way to learn your dates, and to see what all our kings and queens really looked like! You can get a copy by sending 2/- to J. C. Eno, Ltd., 160, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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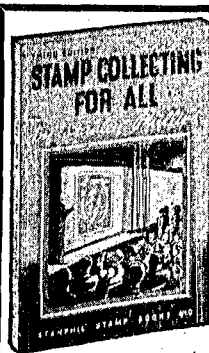
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Husky Throats

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DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Continued from page 13

"I can't say. Ask Leon."
"As if I knew!" said Leon. "Nobody knows. But what Ramiro has told you is true right enough. Beni-Hassan was a brigand. A perfectly posh one. And so was Zamat, his mate."
"Golly! Was Zamat a brigand as well?" exclaimed Bernard.

"He was. He used to scout for the band. They say he's got eyes and ears all over his body. But it's jolly lucky for us old Hassan and Zamat aren't brigands now! I guess Megeve wouldn't be too safe if they were!"

It was Pepe Gitano who recalled their attention to business. "We have decided the course," he reminded them. "We have decided the day. But we have not decided which of us shall be the hare, or the fox."

"Who else will there be as well as the six of us here?" They looked at Ramiro for the answer to this.

"I dare say," he said, "I can gather one or two chaps from the other hotels. But we don't want too big a pack."

"Why not?" uttered Bernard.

"Oh, well," Ramiro said vaguely, "it's our own show, isn't it? We don't want all sorts of chaps butting in. I really suggested it as a sort of contest to see which of our own party is the best skier. The fellow who catches the fox will be the best skier."

"Or the fox, if no one can catch him."

"Yes, perhaps," said Ramiro. "Though, remember, he'll have a good start."

"Well, you're the best skier, Ramiro, so you should be the fox." They all seconded this. But the young Spaniard was sitting with his eyes on the ground. They shouted at him. "Is that agreed?"

Then Ramiro lifted his head.

"I've been thinking," he uttered. "You don't want me for fox; you want an elusive chap." His brooding eyes travelled their faces till they rested on Michael North. An elusive fox! Well, we've got an elusive chap here. The Unknown, eh! He was smiling, but the smile was one without warmth. "I think Michael North, our Englishman, is cut out for fox. I propose him." Then he looked full at Michael again in a queer, measuring manner, as though he were daring Michael to resist a challenge.

The others felt that as well. The Dane blurted it out. "You want to prove that

you can ski better than North. You want

to prove that by catching him, Ramiro."

"What a wise chap you are!" said

Ramiro, smiling again.

"Well, does our Unknown take it on?"

Sigurd demanded.

Michael shrugged his shoulders. "If you

like," he assented.

At that moment, with an exclamation of annoyance, Ramiro sprang to his feet and rushed to the balustrade, and stood staring at the clump of squat plane trees, their branches heavy with snow, at the corner of the road a few yards away. The others, jumping up to see what his excitement was, heard him shouting out to someone to make himself scarce.

There was a flutter of white garments among the white trees.

"It's Beni-Hassan!" said Ramiro, his shrill tones rising excitedly. "And look! There's Zamat! See him? Under that nearest tree. They've heard every word we've been saying. I'm sure they have!"

"And what on earth does that matter!" laughed Leon Veyrier. "They're welcome to listen as much as they like for all I mind!"

"Oh, all right; I'm sorry," Ramiro said, in some confusion. "If I seemed rattled it was because I got rather a shock to spot their white shapes gliding among the trees, like shadows, you know," he stammered.

Then, turning from the balustrade, "Well, all's fixed," he smiled. "You can leave the confetti to me. I know where to buy it. Who wants to dance? There's lots of time yet. But I'm going to bed," he said, yawning. "Good-night all. Sleep well! And get ready for Monday!"

There was no fear of any of them falling short there, but there was one of them who when he woke up next morning found his mind less filled with the thought of tomorrow's good fun than with another thought which haunted him often. This was Michael North. How jolly Megeve would have been, how splendid all this Winter Sports life would be, if only—

And there he would come to a stop, trying hard to shake brooding away. If I weren't all alone here, he'd say to himself. And then he'd say, no wonder they think me mysterious. But how can a fellow start talking, and perhaps make things worse?

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO GETS A LIFT

ONE bitter cold morning Jacko came down to breakfast looking so grubby that his mother said she didn't believe he had washed himself.

"I haven't," replied Jacko serenely.

"What!" roared his father. "And why not, may I ask?"

"Bath tap's frozen," grinned Jacko, holding out his plate for a sausage.

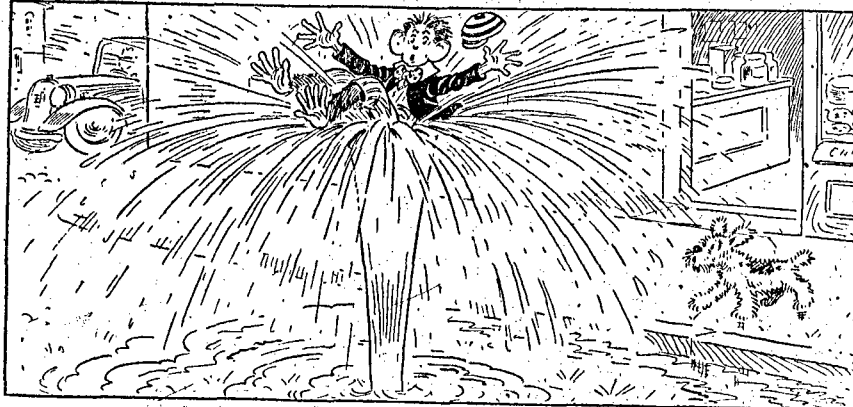
And then, suddenly, there was a change. "It's not quite so cold," remarked Father Jacko, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "I think we are in for a thaw."

"Oh, help!" groaned Adolphus.

"Then that's the end of skating!"

Jacko didn't believe it, and said so.

"The ice is like iron. It'll take days to



Up he shot like a rocket

"It may be," said his mother grimly, "but there's plenty of water in your room. You'll get no breakfast while you're in that state, you dirty boy!"

Jacko went upstairs grumbling, and was soon splashing about in the icy cold water.

"It's not so bad after the first plunge," he thought. "But, Coo! There'll be skating!"

He gobbled up a hearty breakfast and rushed out.

The ice on the village pond was several inches thick. By noon you could hardly see the pond for the skaters.

For two days Jacko and his friend Chimp had no end of a good time, skating, sliding, tobogganing.

thaw," he declared, looking round the room for his skates.

"Now be careful," warned his mother. "You are not to go on the ice if there is the slightest danger. Do you hear me?"

But Jacko had darted to the door and was halfway down the garden path. He meant to have one more skate even if it cost him a ducking.

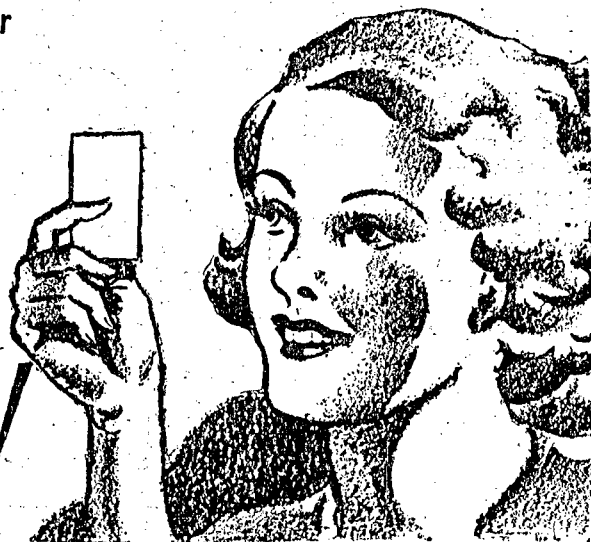
He banged on Chimp's door as he passed. "Meet me on the pond," he called out. "Hurry up! Ice is giving!"

And dashed on down the High Street. Suddenly there was an explosion. A big main had burst! The ground under him shook—opened—and a great stream of water shot Jacko clean up in the air like a rocket!

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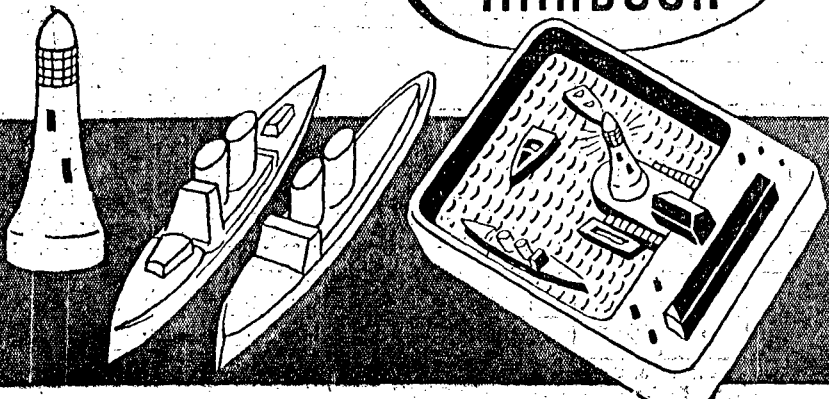
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THE BRAN TUB

Enigma

SOON as I'm made I'm sought with care;
For one whole year consulted;
That time elapsed, I'm thrown aside,
Neglected and insulted.

Answer next week

H P = Howling Power

THE small son of the house was entertaining the visitor till his mother appeared.

"How old is your little baby brother?" he was asked.

"Oh, he's a late 1935 model," replied the ardent young motorist.

This Week in Nature

THE songs of the skylark and thrush may be heard on any clear bright day even so early in the year as this. Both of the birds are natives and remain in this country throughout the year.

Hard Luck

WHY did the whale wail?
It saw the skate skate,
Who trod on his tail,
Most unfortunate!

Ici On Parle Français



le lit la luge la couverture
bed toboggan blanket

Une matinée froide, il gèle:
Charles rejette ses couvertures,
saute hors du lit, et bientôt il
descend la colline à toute vitesse
sur sa luge.

A cold, frosty morning! Charles
flings off his blankets, jumps out of
bed, and soon he is rushing down
the hill on his toboggan.

Beheaded and Curtailed

WHAT fish beheaded makes a
girl's name?
What animal curtailed will name
a river?
What fruit beheaded means to
wander?
What bird beheaded remains a
bird?
What flower beheaded becomes a
liquid?

Answer next week

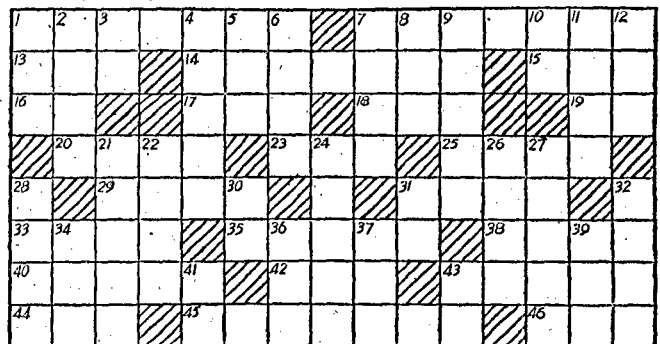
What William the Conqueror Did Not Know

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR never
saw a gun, though he was
the greatest warrior of his age.
He never saw gunpowder. He
never saw a ship driven entirely
by sails. He never heard of a
potato; he never tasted tea or
coffee; nor did he know that there
was such a thing as tobacco. He
never knew of the man-like apes,
and never saw a giraffe or a
rhinoceros.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. A wicker basket. 2. To work. 13. A poem. 14. A visionary. 15. No. 10. Doctor of Divinity. 17. Wrath. 18. Organ of hearing. 19. Myself. 20. Sung by a single voice. 23. To winnow. 25. On one occasion. 29. A sloping platform. 31. Faithful. 33. Tatters. 35. To analyse grammatically. 38. A narrative. 40. A hamper. 42. A constellation. 43. Something available for the payment of debt. 44. A chicken. 45. Mental endowments. 46. To corrode.



Reading Down. 1. A seed-case. 2. Accumulates. 3. Compass point. 4. A dialect. 5. To stray. 6. A gold-bearing quartz vein. 7. A portent. 8. Leguminous plant. 9. A mistake. 10. Indefinite article. 11. To subdue. 12. Organ of vision. 21. Large wind instrument. 22. The final. 24. To be of one mind. 26. Fruits. 27. To stop. 28. Shrewd. 30. Pages. 31. Note in tonic solfa scale. 32. Granite block. 34. Exist. 36. Every one. 37. A boy. 39. A grassy plain. 41. French for and. 43. Thus.

What Are the Countries?



TEN countries are suggested by these ten little pictures. What are they?

Answer next week

Long Meals

HE had come up from the country to see London, and on leaving his hotel asked the reception clerk the times of meals. "Breakfast from seven to ten-thirty, lunch from twelve till three, and dinner from six to nine," said the clerk. "When shall I have time to see the sights, then?" exclaimed the visitor.

Hidden Colours

THIS square of letters contains the names of ten colours that you know quite well. The names run partly across the square and partly down.

S V I W A S P
C A O H E R E
E R L I Y B D
T O E T E L U
P R A N B L E
U R U G R O W
M P L E E E N

Answer next week

A Maid of R K D

A DAINTY maid of R K D
Is F E in her bower;
Smart as U C A honey-B,
And sweet as N E flower.

Does she S A herself 2 please,
X Q Q the little miss,
She sings an L E G 2 T T,
Or blows an M T kiss.

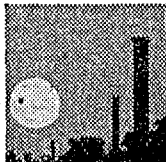
"B mine," I say, "U bonny J,
B 4 U R mine, L (my knell);
When U R gay my hopes D K,
In T-sing U X L."

Without ado she takes the Q,
Her I I B 9 and B D;
"O, sir, I do not N V U,
I C U R so need E."

"O F E, U I C R true,
Y need I C Q less?
I'll never D V 8 from U,
But end my cares with 'S'
(caress)."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Saturn, Mars, and Mercury are in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, January 8.



A Charade

MY first implies equality,
My second inferiority,
My whole superiority.

Answer next week

Mistakes That Are Made Every Day

THE sayings "In the midst of life we are in death" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" do not occur in the Bible, as is so often supposed. We often hear it stated that the Bible declares "Money is the root of all evil." What the Bible really says is, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

Guess This

I SHOULD be quite light
For the task which is mine.
Behaved, I'm strong
And a species of kine.
I'm three when I'm whole;
And yet, if you ken
The figures of Rome,
I'm a hundred and ten.

Answer next week

Silence

HE dared to ring the bell on the teashop table, but no waitress came. So he rang again and again, and eventually success was his. "Did you ring, sir?" asked the waitress. "No. Just tolling," he replied. "I thought you were dead."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Letter Word. Y (Wye), J (Jay), U (Yew), T (tea), B (bee), P (pea).
Built-Up Words. Man-chest-er, Hammer-smith, L-arch, Map-le.
The Christmas Tree. Beads, rabbit, goliwog, rattle, ball, motor, darts, engine.
Eight Towns. Whitehaven, Teignmouth, Hartlepool, Ilfracombe, Portishead, Felixstowe, Folkestone, Birkenhead.

Five-Minute Story

David Unpacks

DAVID will be home when I get in this afternoon, cried Raymond excitedly, catching up with one of his form on the way to school.

"What did you ask him to bring you?" asked Bill.

"Why, nothing." There was surprise in the boy's voice. "When he went to Africa he promised to bring me back something, anyway."

"And that was three years ago," said Bill gloomily. "You see. He'll bring back things for your mother and Muriel, but they never seem to make things abroad for boys. Dad could never find anything."

"David will," said Raymond stoutly. "And, what's more, I'll bring it to school tomorrow and show you."

When he got home the hall was filled with tin trunks, wooden crates, and suitcases. David was in the middle of them, unpacking. The floor was rapidly becoming filled with piles of clothes and oddments.

"Hello, kid!" cried his big brother cheerily. "Here's a present for you." He threw two small earthy, log-like things at him. "Yams," he explained. "We eat them instead of potatoes. Thought you'd like to see them."

He pulled out a beautifully-carved brass bell and a coloured leather cushion-cover. "They're for Mother," he went on. "And these lizard skins are for Muriel. I thought she'd like to have them made into shoes."

There were some African magazines and some photographs. David rumbled the things up a bit more and then got up.

"That's all," he declared. "My books can wait till later."

Raymond heaved a little sigh. Bill was right. There was nothing for him after all. Never mind. He'd take the yams. Not everybody had a brother who went to Africa and ate yams. Even if the boys laughed it didn't matter. Nothing mattered now that David was home.

He was nearly asleep when David burst into his room.

"I'd forgotten all about this boat," he cried. "I bought it for you in East Africa when I first went out, and it's been waiting for you ever since. It came all the way round South Africa with me, and it's exactly like they use on the Nile."

Raymond wasn't listening. He hugged the dhow, sails and all, and his eyes shone. "I knew you wouldn't forget," he said, smiling happily. Then he fell asleep.

Bobs Yr Uncle

The Jolly Card Game

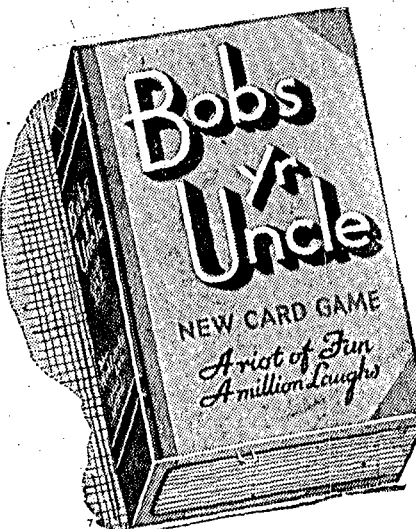


for all the Family

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